

INTERESTING
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS;
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE
MORALITY.

By MR. ADDISON.

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INTERESTING

ANECDOTES MEMOIRS

ALLEGORIES ESSAYS



POETIC FRAGMENTS

TO THE LATE THE LANCY AND INCELS
MONASTERY

BY MR. LINDON

COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ROYAL MUNIFICENCE.

GOUPEE', an artist of eminence, as a painter, was in high favour with the Prince of Wales, our gracious King's father, and he daily attended his Royal Highness to paint pictures. One morning, upon Goupee's arrival at Leicester House, the Prince said, come Goupee, sit down and paint me a picture on such a subject. But Goupee perceiving Prince George (his present Majesty), a prisoner behind a chair, took the liberty humbly to represent to his royal patron, how impossible it was for him to sit down to execute his Royal Highness's commands with spirit, while the Prince was standing, and under

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his royal displeasure. Come out George then, said the good-natured Prince, Goupeé has released you. When Goupeé was eighty-four years of age, and very poor, he had a mad woman to nurse and maintain, when old, who was the object of his delight when young; he therefore often put himself in the King's sight at Kensington, where he lived. At length the King stopped his coach, and called to him. How do you do, Goupeé, said the King, and after a few other questions, asked him, if he had enough to live upon?—Little enough, indeed, replied Goupeé, and as I once took your Majesty out of prison, I hope you will not let me go to one. His Majesty was graciously pleased to order Goupeé a guinea a week for his life, which he enjoyed for some weeks, dying soon after.

When Goupeé was suddenly informed of the late Prince of Wales's death, it so affected him as to occasion the breaking of a blood vessel. Such was his affection for his royal patron!

ANECDOTE

OF

GENERAL BAU.

GENERAL BAU, a German officer, in the service of Russia, who contributed essentially to the elevation of the great Catherine, had orders to march to Holstein with a body of troops, of which he had the command. He was a soldier of fortune, and no one knew either his family or native place. One day, as he was encamped near Hufum, he invited the principal officers to dinner. As they were sitting down to the table, they saw a plain miller and his wife brought into the tent, whom the General had sent his Aid-du-Camp to seek. The poor miller and his wife approached, trembling with apprehension. The General reconciled them to their situation, and made them sit down beside him to dinner; during which he asked them a number of questions about their family. The good man told him, that he was the eldest son of a miller, like himself, and that he had two brothers in a mercantile line, and a sister. But, says the General, had you not another brother besides the two whom

you have mentioned? The miller told him he had another brother, but he went to the wars very young, and as they had never heard of him, they supposed he was dead. The General reading in the eyes of the officers that they were surprised at his entertaining himself so long with questioning the poor man, turned to them and said: "Gentlemen, you have always been curious to know from what family I sprung; I now tell you, that I am not ashamed of my origin,—that I am the brother of this honest miller;—he has given you the history of my family." The General, after spending the day with his relations, in the festivity of which his officers heartily joined, took measures to better their fortune.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

SUPERIORITY *of* RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

WHILE we are in this state of being, we must encounter difficulties, and struggle with uneasiness.—The heart will often be dissatisfied we know not why, and reason will stand
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an idle spectator, as if unconscious of its power. In such cases it ought to be awakened from its lethargy, and reminded of the task to which it is appointed. It should be informed of the high office it bears in the œconomy of the soul, and be made acquainted with the insidious vigilance of its enemies.

But while we languish under the uneasiness of discontent, we cannot take a more effectual method to recover our peace, than to consider the insignificance of every passion that centres, and every pursuit that terminates here. Suppose our earthly aims were directed to their object by the favouring gale of fortune; suppose our pursuits should be crowned with all the success that flattering hope assigns them; yet, vain, changeable, and impotent as we are, the success would not be worth a moment's triumph.—While the heart turns upon an earthly axis, like the perishable ball that it loves, it will be variously affected by outward influences. Sometimes it will bear the fruits of gladness, and sometimes be the barren desert of melancholy: one while it will be exhilarated by the sunshine of pleasure, and again it will languish in the gloom of discontent.—The cause of this is, not only that the human heart is in itself changeable and uncertain, deriving its sensations

sations from constitutional influences, but that the objects, on which it depends for happiness, are liable to variation and decay.

Hence arises the superiority of *religious views*. When our hopes of happiness are fixed on one certain event,—one event, which though remote, cannot be altered by mortal contingencies, the heart has an invariable foundation where it may rest. Without this resting place we should be tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine, the sport of chance, and the dupes of expectation. To this immovable anchor of the soul, religion directs us in the hopes of immortality. We know from the unerring word of divine revelation, that we shall exist in another state of being, after the dissolution of this; and we are confirmed by every benevolent purpose of Providence, in the belief that our future existence shall be infinitely happy.—In this glorious hope, the interests of a temporary life are swallowed up and lost. This hope, like the serpent of Moses, devours the mock phantoms which are created by the magic of this world, and at once shews the vanity of every earthly pursuit.

Compared with this prospect, how poor, how barren would every scene of mortal happiness appear!

appear! How despicable at the best! Yet how liable to be destroyed by every storm of adversity! For, are we not exposed to a thousand accidents, the most trifling of which may be sufficient to break a scheme of felicity?—Let us consider those conditions that are almost universally desired,—the dignity of the great, and the affluence of the rich. Are those above the reach of misfortune? Are they exempt from the importunities of care? Greatness is but the object of impertinence and envy, and riches create more wants than they are able to gratify. Should then our wishes lead to these, we should unavoidably be disappointed. The acquisition might, for a while, soothe our vanity; but we should soon sigh for the ease of obscurity, and envy the content of those, whom pride would call our vassals.

If wealth or grandeur then cannot afford us happiness, where shall we seek it? Is it to be found in the cell of the hermit? or does it watch by the taper of solitary learning? Loves it the society of laughing mirth? or does it affect the pensive pleasures of meditation? Is it only genuine in the cordiality of friendship, or in the lasting tenderness of married love?—Alas! this train of alternatives will not do. Should we fly
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from the troubles of society to some lonely hermitage, we should soon sigh for the amusements of the world we had quarrelled with. The strongest mind could not long support the burthen of uncommunicated thoughts, and the firmest heart would languish in the stagnation of melancholy.

Ask the solitary scholar, if ever, in his learned researches, he beheld the retreat of happiness?—Amusement is all he will pretend to.—Amusement! in quest of which the active powers of the mind are frequently worn out, the understanding enervated by the assiduity of attention, and the memory over-burthened with unessential ideas.

Yet, possibly, happiness may mingle with society, and swell the acclamation of festive mirth.—No—the joy that swells there cannot be called happiness; for the noise of mirth will vanish with the echo of the evening, and *even in laughter the heart is sad*. If we are able to distinguish the elegance of conversation, we shall often be disgusted with the arrogance of pride, or the impertinence of folly; and if not, we may be amused, indeed, with the noise, but can never taste the pleasures of society.

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As little reason have we to hope for lasting happiness from the engagements of friendships, or of love. The condition of human life is, at best, so uncertain, that it is even dangerous to form any connections that are dear. The tenderness of love opens the heart to many sufferings, to many painful apprehensions for the health and safety of its object, and many uneasy sensations, both from real and imaginary causes.

For want of a better remedy to these evils, the wisdom of ancient philosophy teaches us to bid defiance to the assaults of pleasure and pain. This precept it urges with unremitting austerity; without making any allowances for particular tempers and circumstances, without instructing us how to behave to the solicitations of joy or pleasure;—how to defend the heart from the inroads of sorrow, or to guard against the unseen stratagems of distress.

But the religion of a christian affords a nobler and a safer refuge.—With the exalted hopes that this presents to us, *the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared.* In those glorious hopes let us bury every anxious thought, the uneasiness of discontent, and the solicitude of care.—Let us not sink under our light afflictions

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which are but for a moment. A very few years, a few months, perhaps, or days, may bring us into that state of being, where care and misery perplex no more.

Though we have our bed in darkness, and our pillow on the thorn, yet the time draweth nigh, when we shall taste of life without anguish, and enjoy the light without bitterness of soul. The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us, therefore, gird up the loins of our mind, and be sober—no longer dissipated or disturbed with the troubles of this world. We are hourly hastening to that scene of existence, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest; where hope shall no more be pained with disappointment, and where the distresses of time are forgot in the joys of eternity.

ANECDOTE

OF

LORD ORRERY.

UPON the ruin of the Royal family, and the death of the King (Charles I.) Lord Orrery retired to Marston, in Somersethire, his seat in England, which his father had bought of Sir John Hippisley, and which was formerly part of Edmund Earl of Cornwall's estate. His Lordship used to repeat to his company a remarkable incident that happened during his residence there, which, as it will show the distress of the Royal party in those days, may, perhaps, be acceptable to the curious.

The parish church of Marston is very near to the mansion-house: Lord Orrery never failed to go thither on a Sunday; but one Sunday, having sat there some time, and being disappointed of the then qualified Minister, his Lordship was preparing to return home, when his servants told him a person in the church offered to preach. His Lordship, though he looked upon the proposal only as a piece of enthusiasm, gave permission,

fion, and was never more surpris'd or delighted than with the sermon, which was filled with learning, sense, and piety. His Lordship would not suffer the preacher to escape unknown, but invited him to dinner; and enquiring of him his name, life and fortune, received this answer:—"My Lord, my name is Asberry, I am a clergyman of the Church of England, and a loyal subject to the King: I have lived three years in a poor cottage, under your warren wall, within a few paces of your Lordship's house. My son lives with me, and we read and dig by turns. I have a little money, and some few books; and I submit cheerfully to the will of Providence." This worthy and learned man (for such Lord Orrery always called him,) died at Marston some years after; but not till his Lordship had obtained an allowance of thirty pounds per annum for him without any obligation of taking the covenant. As a memorial of the above transaction, the poor cottage in which Mr. Asberry lived, with a little garden adjoining to it, was kept up in its old form by the late Earl of Cork and Orrery, being taken into his garden; and the two rooms, of which it consists, viz. a kitchen and a chamber, are furnished as much as possible in the taste of those times, with all sorts of useful furniture, and books, prints, &c. of equal antiquity.

SELF

SELF COMMUNION,

AS recommended by men of virtue and true piety, is religious recollection. It is to commune with ourselves, under the character of spiritual and immortal beings; and to ponder those paths of our feet which are leading us to eternity. It is to bring home to our souls the internal, authoritative sense of God, as of a sovereign and a father; to contemplate what is displayed of his perfections. It is to realize the presence of the Supreme Being, so as to produce the most profound veneration, and to awaken the earnest desire of as near an approach as our nature will permit, to that great fountain of happiness and life. By this the pious man walks among the various scenes of nature as within the precincts of a great temple, in the habitual exercise of devotion; and from hence, when his thoughts have been thus employed, he returns to the world like a superior being. He carries into active life those pure and elevating sentiments to which the giddy world are strangers. A certain odour of sanctity remains upon his mind, which, for a while at least, will repel the contagion of the world.

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As he views the world with the eye of a Christian, he will see, that however men appear to move and act after their own pleasure, they are nevertheless retained in secret bonds by the Almighty, and all their operations rendered subservient to the ends of his moral government. He will behold him punishing the sinner by means of his own iniquities; from the trials of the righteous bringing forth their reward; and to a state of seeming universal confusion, preparing the wisest and most equitable issue. While the fashion of this world is passing fast away, he will discern the glory of another rising fast to succeed it. He will behold all human events, our grief and our joys, our love and our hatred, our character and our memory, absorbed in the ocean of eternity; and no traces of our present existence left, except its being for ever well with the righteous, and ill with the wicked.

FRUGALITY.

FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant, will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce de-

dependence, and invite corruption. It will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others, and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

HEAVEN AND IMMORTALITY PASS NOT AWAY.

THE fleeting scenes of this life are to be considered as no more than an introduction to a nobler and more permanent order of things, when man shall have attained the maturity of his being. This is what reason gave some ground to expect; what revelation has fully confirmed; and in confirming it, has agreed with the sentiments and anticipations of the good and wise in every age. We are taught to believe, that what we now behold, is only the first stage of the life of man. We are arrived no farther than the threshold; we dwell as in the outer courts of existence. Here, tents only are pitched; tabernacles erected for the sojourners of a day. But in the region of eternity, all is great, stable, and unchanging. There, the *mansions* of the just are prepared; there, the *city which hath foundations* is

is built; there is established the kingdom *which cannot be moved*. Here, every thing is in stir and fluctuation; because here good men continue not, but pass onward in the course of being. There, all is serene, steady and orderly; because there remaineth the final *rest of the people of God*. Here, all is corrupted by our folly and guilt; and of course must be transient and vain. But there, purchased by the death, and secured by the resurrection of the Son of God, is an *inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away*. There reigns that tranquillity which is never troubled. There shines that sun which never sets. There flows that river of pleasures, which is always unruffled and pure. Looking forward to those divine habitations, the changes of the present world disappear to the eye of faith; and a good man becomes ashamed of suffering himself to be dejected by what is so soon to pass away. Such are the objects we ought to oppose to the transient *fashion of the world*; Virtue, and God, and Heaven. Fixing our regard on these, we shall have no reason to complain of the lot of man, or the world's mutability. Passing and changing as all human affairs are, we must at present act our part: to them we must return from religious meditation. They are not below the regard of any Christian; for they form the scene

scene which Providence has appointed at present for our activity and our duty. Trials and dangers they may often present to us ; but amidst these we shall safely hold our course, if, when engaged in worldly affairs, we keep in view those divine objects here described. Let us ever retain connection with Virtue, and God, and Heaven. By these let our conduct be regulated, and our constancy supported. So shall we *use this world without abusing it*. We shall neither droop under its misfortunes, nor be vainly elated by its advantages ; but through all its changes shall carry an equal and steady mind ; and in the end shall receive the accomplishment of the promise of scripture, that though *the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, he that doth the will of God, shall abide for ever.*

ANECDOTE

IN THE

REIGN of CLAUDIUS.

IN the reign of Claudius, the fifth Roman Emperor, a conspiracy was formed to dethrone him by Camillus, his lieutenant governor in Dalmatia ; but the legions which had declared

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for Camillus, and acknowledged him as Emperor, in a few days abandoned and destroyed him.

The cruelty of Messalina and her minions upon this occasion seemed to have no bounds. They so wrought upon the Emperor's fears and suspicions, that numbers were executed without trial or proof. Among the numbers who were put to death on this occasion, the pathetic catastrophe of Petus, and his faithful wife Arria, deserve to be lamented. Cecina Petus was one of those unfortunate men, who joined with Camillus against the Emperor, and who, when his associate was slain by the army, had endeavoured to escape into Dalmatia. However, he was there apprehended, and put on board a ship, in order to be conveyed to Rome. Arria, who had long been the partner of his affections and misfortunes, entreated his keepers to be taken in the same vessel with her husband. "It is usual," she said, "to grant a man of his quality a few slaves, to dress, undress, and attend him; I myself will perform all these offices, and save you the trouble of a more numerous retinue." Her fidelity, however, could not prevail.—She therefore hired a fisherman's bark, and thus kept company with the ship in which
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her husband was conveyed through the voyage.

They had an only son, equally remarkable for the beauty of his person, and the rectitude of his disposition. This youth died at the same time his father was confined to his bed by a dangerous disorder. However, the affectionate Arria concealed her son's death, and in her visits to her husband, testified no marks of sadness. Being asked how her son did, she replied that he was at rest, and only left her husband's chamber to give a vent to her tears. When Petus was condemned to die, and the orders were that he should put an end to his own life, Arria used every art to inspire him with resolution, and at length finding him continue timid and wavering, she took the poniard, and stabbing herself in his presence, presented it to him, saying, "it gives me no pain, my Petus."

EDUCATION.

LET holy discipline clear the soil, let sacred instruction sow it with the best of seed; let skill and vigilance dress the rising shoots, direct the young idea how to spread; the wayward

passions how to move.—Then what a different state of the inner man will quickly take place ! Charity will breathe her sweets, and hope expand her blossoms ; the personal virtues display their graces, and the social ones their fruits : the sentiments become generous ; the carriage endearing ; and the life honourable and useful.

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.
To breathe th'enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.

Posterity wisely regulates the rewards due to men of learning, and equals them to the greatest Princes. Three thousand years after their death, their honour is not tarnished by that of the greatest heroes. Homer is as well known as Achilles. The able historian, the famous poet, the great—the pious and ingenious philosopher have an advantage over the conqueror and the general. Twenty centuries after they are dead and rotten, they speak with as much eloquence and vivacity as when living ; and all that read their writings perceive their genius. The heroes who have rendered themselves famous by their actions, have not near such an ascendant over our hearts ;

hearts ; for he, at one and the same instant, persuades, engages, and captivates the heart of one man shut up in his closet at Stockholm, and of another that lives in the middle of Paris, London, &c. &c. Heroes are infinitely obliged to poets and historians, but the latter are seldom beholden to the former. Achilles owes part of his glory to Homer : If there had been no historians, it would scarce have been known that there ever was such a man as Alexander, &c. &c. &c.

Education is the ruling motive in most of the actions of mankind ; they are more or less tractable, according as they have been more or less cultivated in their youth. When they have been taught early to render themselves sociable, to bend their tempers, and to accommodate their wills to those of others, it grows into a custom, and they become insensibly complaisant, without thinking of being so. In short, habit is to them a second nature.

We should justly consider religion as the most essentially necessary qualification, at the same time children should be fitted for an appearance becoming their station in this world. Many are apt to disjoin the ideas of piety and politeness ;
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but true religion is not only consistent with, but *necessary* to the perfection of true politeness.

The end of learning is, to know God, and, in consequence of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the nearer, by possessing ourselves of virtue.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul. The philosopher, the saint, the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian; which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.

The educator's care should be, above all things, to lay in his charge the foundation of religion and virtue.

Parents are more careful to bestow wit on their children, than virtue; the art of speaking well, rather than doing well; but their morals ought to be their greatest concern.

An industrious and virtuous education of children is a better inheritance for them than a great estate. To what purpose is it, said Crates,

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to heap up estates, and have no care what kind of heirs they leave them to?

The highest learning is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom to be good.

The great business of man is, to improve his mind, and govern his manners.

Excess of ceremony shews want of breeding. That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

True philosophy, says Plato, consists more in fidelity, constancy, justice, sincerity, and in the love of our duty, than in a great capacity.

If our painful peregrination in studies be destitute of the supreme light, it is nothing but a miserable kind of wandering.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may turn to thinking the better.

Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar of science.

Poetry

Poetry is inspiration—it was breathed into the soul when it was first quickened, and should neither be stiled art or science, but genius.

Great men are always reserved and modest, and being content with meriting praise, do not endeavour to court it ; and for this they are the more praise-worthy, because if vanity is pardonable, it is in the man who deserves those shining compliments, which are so becoming to many learned men. It is said, that Racine was a whole year in composing his tragedy of Phædra, the master-piece of the theatre, and before he committed it to the stage, consulted his friends a long time, corrected several passages by their advice, and waited the success of the performance before he would pronounce it a good one. Prado wrote the same in a month's time ; gave it out boldly to be acted, and assured the publick it was an excellent piece. But it happened to him as it often does to half-witted authors ; his work quickly went to the chandlers' shops, whereas Racine's will reach to the latest posterity.

Great talents, such as honour, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world, who neither possess them themselves, nor judge
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of them rightly in others: But all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner: because they feel the good effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing.

Almost all the advantages or miscarriages of our lives depend, in a great measure, upon our education. Therefore it is greatly the duty of all who have in *any* way the inspection of this important affair, by every means possible, to win young minds to improvement; to the end that good parts may not take an evil turn, nor indifferent ones be totally lost for want of industrious cultivation.

Education, when it works upon an ingenious mind, brings out to view every latent perfection, which, without such helps are never able to make their appearance. And, if we take the trouble to look round, we shall find very few, to whom nature has been such a niggard of her gifts, that they are not capable of shining in one sphere of science or another. Since then there is a certain bias towards knowledge, in almost every mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper care; sure parents and others should consider, that, in the neglect of so essen-

tial a point, they do not commit a private injury only, as thereby they starve posterity, and defraud our country of those persons, who, under better management, might make an eminent figure.

Indeed, the difference in the manners and abilities of men proceeds more from education, than from any imperfections or advantages derived from their original formation.

Youth, moreover, is the proper and only season for education; for if it be neglected then, it will surely be in vain to think of remedying the oversight in more advanced years; it will be too late to think of sowing it, when maturity has rendered the mind stubborn and inflexible, and, when instead of receiving the seeds, it should be bringing forth the fruits of instruction.

But there is one point in the article of education, which is more essential than any of the rest: I mean the great care that ought to be taken to form youth to the principles of religion. Vice, if we may believe the general complaint, grows so malignant now-a-days, that it is almost impossible to keep young people from the spreading contagion, if we venture them abroad, and trust to chance or inclination, for the choice of their
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their company ; it is therefore virtue, and a perfect sense of their duty to God, which is the great and valuable thing to be taught them. All other considerations and accomplishments should give way, and be postponed, to these ; these are the solid and substantial good we should labour to implant and fasten on their minds, neither should we cease till we have attained a true relish of them, and placed their strength, their glory, and their *pleasure in them*.

It is also of the first consequence in training youths of both sexes, that they be early inspired with humanity, and particularly that its principles be implanted strongly in their yet tender hearts, to guard them against inflicting wanton pain on those animals, which use or accident may occasionally put into their power.

A

LETTER

FROM

MR. POPE *to* DEAN SWIFT.

SIR,

NOT to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you: your desire that I should write to you, and your proposal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion; which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

Sure no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. 'Tis almost as many pieces of gold, as an Apostle could get of silver from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription, than a translation of *Homer*; and to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content if you can prevail with my Lord Treasurer and the Ministry

nistry to rise to the same sum, each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good christian; and I am very much straitened between two, while the Whigs seem willing to contribute as much to continue me the one, as you would to make me the other. But if you can move every man in the Government, who has above ten thousand pounds a year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert, as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good subject translated from Popery to the Church of *England*, than twenty heathenish authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore, commission you, Mr. Dean, with full authority, to transact this affair in my name, and to purpose as follows:

First, that as to the head of our Church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgencies from the head of your Church, the Queen.

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As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the Ministry will allow me.

For invocations to faints, mine shall be turned to dedications to finners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points; but there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, —prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as my own, and I must crave leave humbly to lay before them, that though the subscriptions above mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those, whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately Heretics, Schismatics, Poets, Painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no Churches are willing to save. The expence, therefore, will be the greater, to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

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Old *Dryden*, though a *Roman Catholic*, was a Poet, and it is revealed in the vision of some ancient saints, that no Poet was ever saved under some hundred of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds sterling.

Walsh was not only a *Socinian*, but (what you will own is harder to be saved,) a *Whig*. He cannot modestly be rated at less than an hundred.

L'Estrange, being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to help him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence from starving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy pounds.

In the next place, I must desire you to represent, that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of legacies, out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed Church, that not a farthing shall be allowed to save their souls who gave them.

There is one *** who will die within these few months, with *** one *Mr. Fervas*, who hath grievously

grievously offended in making the likenesses of almost all things in Heaven above, and Earth below; and one *Mr. Gay*, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service, whose case is more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot pretend to have these people saved honestly under some hundred pounds; whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them, which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able. There is but one whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done: But indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the Ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity, what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The person I mean is *Dr. Swift*, a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, that too much wit is dangerous to salvation, this unfortunate gentleman must certainly

certainly be d——d to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him, (as it will some others,) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for;—made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems, on purpose that he might alter them.

I once thought I never could have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsieur *de Montagne* has assured me, “that the person who receives a benefit obliges the giver:” For since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and the occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible *Dr. Swift* should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already: And for the future he may expect daily more obligations from

His most faithful

affectionate humble servant,

A. POPE.

ANEC.

ANECDOTE

OF

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

JAQUELINE of Luxemburgh, Duchess of Bedford, had, after her first husband's death, so far sacrificed her ambition to love, that she married Sir Richard Woodville, a private gentleman, afterwards honoured with the title of Lord Rivers) to whom she bore several children, and, among the rest, Elizabeth, who was no less distinguished by the beauty and elegance of her person, than the amiable disposition of her mind. Elizabeth espoused Sir John Gray, of Groby; but her husband being slain in the second battle at St. Alban's, fighting for the family of Lancaster, and his estate being, on that account, confiscated, the young widow retired to her father's seat at Grafton in Northamptonshire, where she lived some time in privacy and retirement.

Edward IV. King of England, happening to hunt in that county, went to pay a visit to the
Duchess

Duchefs of Bedford, when Elizabeth refolved to embrace fo favourable an opportunity of obtaining fome grace from this gallant Monarch. Accordingly ſhe came into his prefence, and throwing herſelf at his feet, implored a maintenance for herſelf and children. The fight of ſo much beauty in diſtreſs, made a deep impreſſion on the amorous mind of Edward. Love ſtole inſenſibly into his heart, under the guiſe of compaſſion; and her ſorrow and affliction, ſo graceful in a virtuous matron, recommended her no leſs to his eſteem and veneration, than her perſonal beauty made her the object of his affection. He raiſed her from the ground with aſſurances of favour. He found his paſſion daily ſtrengthened by the company and converſation of the lovely widow; and, in a ſhort time became the ſuppliant of the woman whom he had lately ſeen on her knees before him. But ſuch was the reſolute virtue of Elizabeth, that ſhe poſitively refuſed to gratify his paſſion in a diſhonourable manner. All the intreaties, promiſes, and endearments of the young and amiable Edward, were not ſufficient to gain her conſent. At laſt ſhe plainly told him, that though ſhe was unworthy of being his wife, yet ſhe thought herſelf too good to be his concubine, and would, therefore, remain in the humble ſituation to which Providence had reduced her.

This opposition served but the more to enslave the passions of the young Monarch, and heighten his esteem for such exalted sentiments : He therefore offered to share his throne, as well as heart, with the woman, whose personal and mental accomplishments rendered her so deserving of both. The nuptials were accordingly solemnized at Grafton, A. D. 1465.

ANECDOTE

OF THE PRESENT

DUKE *of* NORFOLK.

SOME months ago, a worthy old clergyman in Cumberland, who had brought up a large family on seventy pounds a year, being informed of the death of his rector, was advised to come to town, and apply to the Bishop of London, in whose gift the living was, for the next presentation. He followed the advice, and was directed to his Lordship's house, in St. James's-square. By mistake, he knocked at the next door, which is the Duke of Norfolk's; and enquiring of the servant if his master was at home, received an answer in the affirmative, but that he
was

was then engaged. The old gentleman requested the servant to go up, and intreat his master to be at home to him, as his business was of much consequence. The Duke, with that urbanity which distinguishes him, on being informed a respectable looking old clergyman wished to speak to him, desired him to be introduced, and begged to know the occasion of his visit.

“My Lord,” said the old gentleman, “the Rector of —— is dead, and I was advised by my parishioners to come to town, and intreat the friendship and protection of your Lordship. I have served the parish many years, and hope I have acquitted myself with propriety.” And pray whom do you take me for, Sir?” said the Duke, interrupting him. “The Bishop of London, my Lord.” His Grace immediately rang the bell, and a servant entering—“John, who am I?”—The Duke of Norfolk, Sir.”—Good God!” said the Curate, starting from the chair, “I humbly intreat your Grace’s pardon, and assure you, that nothing but my ignorance of the town could have occasioned such a mistake.”—“Stop, stop, my good friend! you and I do not part thus—we must first take a glass together, and then see whether I cannot shew you the way to the Bishop of London’s house.” His Grace and the

Curate

Curate took the other bottle, found their way to the Bishop's—and the old gentleman left St. James's-square three hundred and forty pounds a year richer than he entered.

AN

ESSAY ON FORTITUDE.

THE greatest pitch of happiness we can possibly arrive at in this life, is contentment. Without this, riches serve only to make the possessor more unhappy, for he is continually perplexed with desires which he cannot gratify. Whenever discontent enters into the human breast, every solid satisfaction is banished, and every means to procure our wishes, prove to be a greater augmentation to our misery. The noblest antidote against such a temper, is patience: this disburthens the mind from any fears that may happen either on our good or bad success in life, and procures that serenity of mind, which makes the most adverse fortune sit light and easy upon us: and as no point of happiness can be attained without being entirely content with our situation, so we can never bring ourselves

selves to that state, until we have made a thorough acquaintance with that noble virtue, patience. This teaches us to encounter the greatest difficulties with ease and pleasure; and though at first fortune may seem to frown upon us, and disappoint our expectations, yet in the end we often find that we have gained our purpose much better than we imagined. The greatest seeming impossibilities frequently turn out far beyond any thing we could propose; and all our toil and labour is well repaid by the accomplishment of our desires. I do not pretend to say that whatever schemes or projects we may form for the gratification of our wishes, whether lawful or criminal, deserve to be rewarded with success. Common sense will inform us to the contrary; we are not to expect to succeed, if our intentions are bad, if our designs be to obtain what is unlawful. The man who makes use of patience for his guide, sets out with an habitual good intention, aims all his thoughts, words and actions, at some laudable end, whether it be for the good of mankind, or the particular benefit of himself. Such a one never attempts to employ his care in any point, before he has first persuaded himself that what he is doing, is, in itself, intentionally good; by which means he can the more easily reconcile his mind, and meet the event with

with pleasure. If he does not succeed so soon as he expected, he invites the assistance of patience and fortitude to support him; and if at last, by his perseverance, he obtains the accomplishment of his hopes, he can receive a thousand times more pleasure in the enjoyment, than if he had gained it without the least difficulty to oppose him. But if by any adversity he should fail in his endeavours, and be baffled by any unforeseen disappointment; yet he cannot reproach himself for a want of conduct, and therefore can overcome this difficulty with a truly brave spirit.

How many misfortunes do we see daily happen through a neglect of this virtue, which might have been, perhaps, in great part avoided, would we only make use of reason, and pursue our point with fortitude and resolution. There are no troubles whatever, though desperate in appearance, which might not be alleviated by this method; and no adversity which might not be lessened by this virtue. Acting upon such principles, we can laugh at the unequal distributions which fortune makes of its favours, and be contented with the small share which may fall to our lot. And instead of making us the less anxious of resuming our schemes, we shall pursue them with a more active and chearful disposition;

sition; think no fatigue too great towards the accomplishment of them, and endeavour by a strict adherence to the rules of virtue, and a perfect confidence in the justice of our cause, to go on till success has crowned our labours, and well rewarded all our toil. Thus we find, that, unless this method is pursued, our life will be one continued interruption of happiness.

The present moment is always considered as less happy than the past; but the future, though little thought of, will be found in reality less happy than the present. Our connections with one another also render us less sensible of our present happiness, than we might otherwise be. We are too apt to blame Providence for placing some in a more exalted sphere than us, concluding from thence, that superior felicity is the constant attendant of superior fortune; but however elevated they may be in their several stations in the one point, we might easily see how far short they fall in our expectations in the other. Happiness will be found to be no ways peculiar to that state. Daily experience convinces us of the falsity of such a supposition; nor do we find it in greater plenty any where, than in the breast of the humble cottager, and even there it is often found less pure than is imagined.

It is, as a certain divine observes, a point beyond all contradiction, that the poor as well as the rich, are not always the happy; for sincere felicity and an exalted or humble state, have no immediate necessary connection. A true Christian is the only happy man; and he, who is indeed so, will find happiness and content, whether in the cottage or the palace. Happiness being thus the attendant of a contented and patient mind, he who pursues his course in this life by such a rule, will find great pleasure in every station. In the greatest vicissitudes of fortune, when adversity besets him, and every cloud of sorrow seems designed to augment his grief, the manly fortitude which he shews, together with the consciousness of having performed his duty agreeable to the dictates of reason and virtue, will support him in his deepest distress, and by a perseverance, at last deliver him from all his oppressions.

ANECDOTE

OF

PETER THE GREAT.

THE Czar being one day at dinner at a foreign merchant's, whose daughter was very beautiful, fell violently in love, and pressed her to make a return to his passion. But the young lady, as virtuous as beautiful, firmly refused the most seducing offers, and, dreading his solicitations, resolved to leave Moscow by night, without acquainting her parents.

Taking some provisions and a little money with her, she travelled several miles on foot, and at last reached a small village, the abode of her nurse. She discovered herself to her foster-sister, whom she informed of her intention to remain concealed. Her nurse's husband, a carpenter by trade, conducted her to a neighbouring wood, where, on a little rising ground, surrounded by a morass, he hastily built a hut for her residence.

The day after her flight, the Czar sent for her parents, who were inconsolable for her loss.

He at first thought it a concerted scheme : but the violence of their grief undeceived him, and he promised a large reward to any who should discover the fugitive. All search however was vain, and her parents went into mourning.

A year after, an accident a little uncommon, occasioned her discovery. A Colonel, who was absent from his regiment on leave, made his way into the midst of the wood in pursuit of game, came to the morass, and met the lady. Struck by her beauty, he immediately became enamoured of her, and, after a few questions, found that she was the person whose loss had made so much noise. He consoled her, by telling her that the Czar's heart was engaged elsewhere ; offered to wait on her parents, and concert with them the means of taking her from her solitary abode. She consented to his proposal, and accepted his assistance with gratitude, that led the way to softer emotions. Her parents, overjoyed at finding their daughter, determined to apply to Mrs. Catherine, for this was the name then given to the celebrated woman whom Peter afterwards placed upon his throne.

Catherine spoke to the Czar, and represented in such lively colours all that a delicate girl must have

have suffered, shut up for a whole year in a hut, in the midst of a morass, that he was much affected, reproached himself severely with the pain he had given her, and determined to make her amends. He desired to see her, her parents, and her deliverer ; to the latter of whom he presented her,—“ Receive, from my hand,” said he, “ the most amiable and virtuous of women. I settle upon her and her heirs three thousand roubles a year.”

This respectable woman went often to court, in full possession of his favour, and the veneration of the public.

HAPPINESS.

AS perfect felicity cannot be the lot of human nature, he is wise, who rather endeavours to defend himself against those evils that press him, than vainly sigh for that happiness which will never arrive.

To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting ; since whatever
we

we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness; and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be imbittered. He that resigns his peace to little casualties, and suffers the course of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadyvertencies or offences, delivers up himself to the direction of the wind, and loses all that constancy and equanimity, which constitute the chief praise of a wise man.

We ought, at least, to let our desires fix upon nothing in another's power for the sake of our quiet, or in another's possession for the sake of our innocence.

When once a man has made celebrity necessary to his happiness, he has put it in the power of the weakest and most timorous malignity, if not to take away his satisfaction, at least to withhold it.

He who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs he purposes to remove.

O happiness, in every varied scene,
 Thro' toil, thro' danger, and thro' pain pursu'd!
 Yet oft when present, scarce enjoy'd when past,
 Recall'd to wound the heart, to blast the sweets
 Yet given to life—how are thy votaries
 Missed by vain delusions, thus deceived!

ANECDOTE

OF

Mr. QUIN.

MR. QUIN, the celebrated comedian, was a gentleman whose humour has given life to the conversation of thousands who perhaps never had the pleasure of seeing him; and the story that follows does honour to his memory.

Mr. Thomson, a Scots gentleman, universally known by his fine poems on the Seasons, on Liberty, &c. when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances; and, before he was distinguished by his writings, was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and upon the publication
of

of his Seasons, one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr. Quin, who had indeed read the Seasons, but had never seen the author; and upon stricter enquiry he was told, that Thomson was in the bailiff's hands at a spunging-house in Holborn: thither Quin went; and being admitted into his chamber; Sir, said he, in his usual tone of voice, you do not know me, I believe, but my name is Quin. Mr. Thomson received him politely, and said, that though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit; and very obligingly invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse. Mr. Thomson made the proper reply, and then the discourse turned indifferently upon subjects of literature.

When the supper was over, and the glass had gone round briskly, Mr. Quin then took occasion to explain himself, by saying, it was now time to enter upon business. Mr. Thomson declared he was ready to serve him, as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command
(thinking

thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama). Sir, says, Mr. Quin, you mistake my meaning: I am in your debt; I owe you an hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you. Mr. Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied, that as he was a gentleman, whom, to his knowledge he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. No, by G—d said Quin, raising his voice, I'd be d—n'd before I would do that. I say, I owe you an hundred pounds, and there it is (laying a bank note of that value before him). Mr. Thomson was astonished, and begged he would explain himself. Why, says Quin, I'll tell you.—Soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head, that as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will, and among the rest of my legatees, I set down the Author of the Seasons an hundred pounds; and this day hearing that you was in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as to order my executors to pay it, when perhaps you might have less need of it; and this, Mr. Thomson, is the business I came about. I need not express Mr. Thomson's grateful acknowledgments, but leave every reader to conceive them.

GOVERNMENT *of* TEMPER.

EVERY human creature is sensible of the propensities to some infirmity of temper, which it should be his care to correct and subdue, particularly in the early period of life ; else, when arrived at a state of maturity, he may relapse into those faults which were originally in his nature, and which will require to be diligently watched, and kept under, through the whole course of life ; for the cultivation of an amiable disposition, is a great part of religious duty, since nothing leads more directly to the breach of charity, and to the injury and molestation of our fellow creatures, than the indulgence of an ill temper.

With respect to a woman, the principal virtues and vices must be of a domestic kind. Within the circle of her own family and dependants lies her sphere of action—the scene of almost all those tasks and trials which must determine her character and her fate here, and hereafter. The happiness of her husband, children, and servants, must depend on her temper ; and it will appear, that the greatest good or evil which she may ever have

have in her power to do, may arise from her correcting or indulging its infirmities.

The greatest outward blessings cannot afford enjoyment to a mind uneasy and ruffled within. A fit of ill humour will spoil the finest entertainment, and is as real a torment as the most painful disease. Another unavoidable consequence of ill temper, is the dislike and aversion of all who are witnesses to it; and perhaps, the deep and lasting resentment of those who suffer from its effects.

We all from social and self love, earnestly desire the esteem and affection of our fellow creatures; and, indeed, our condition renders them so necessary to us, that the wretch who has forfeited them, must feel desolate and undone—deprived of all the best enjoyments and comforts the world can afford, and given up to his inward misery, unpitied and scorned.

Every temper is inclined, in some degree, to passion, peevishness, or obstinacy: we should therefore always watch the bent of our nature, and apply remedies proper for the infirmities to which we are most liable. The first is so injurious to society, and so odious in itself, that men who

give way to it, render themselves not only disgusting, but dangerous. Hurried on by the violence of rage, they break through the bounds of decorum, destroy the order of civil society, disregard truth, sacrifice justice, and disgrace, as well as offend, the dignity of their Creator.

In a female character, one should think that shame alone would be sufficient to preserve a young woman from becoming a slave to it; for it is as unbecoming her character to be betrayed into ill behaviour by passion, as by intoxication; and she ought to be ashamed of the one as much as the other. Gentleness, meekness, and patience, are her peculiar distinctions, and an enraged woman is one of the most disgusting sights in nature,

The placid countenance, the mild deportment, and a smooth address, are strong incentives to just admiration, and to honest praise. But these perfections all fall victims to that monster, passion. It behoves us, therefore, to retire from such an occasion of sin, and wait till we are cool, before we presume to judge of what has passed.

By accustoming ourselves thus to conquer and disappoint our anger, we shall, by degrees, find it
grow

grow weak and manageable, so as to leave our reason at liberty. We shall be able to restrain our tongue from evil, and our looks and gestures from all expressions of violence and ill will.

Pride, which produces so many evils in the human mind, is the great source of passion. Whoever cultivates in himself a proper humility, a due sense of his own faults and insufficiencies, and a due respect for others, will find but small temptation to violent and unreasonable anger.

Whenever, therefore, we feel ourselves highly enraged, we should suspect ourselves to be in the wrong, and resolve to stand the deliberate decision of our own conscience, before we cast upon another the punishment which is perhaps due to ourselves. This self examination will, at least, give us some time to cool ; and, if we are just, as it should be our chief aim to be so, will dispose us to balance our own wrong with that of our antagonist, and to settle the account with him on equal terms.

There are many who acquire the character of ill-temper, when in reality they merit not the severity of the accusation; and this arises merely from their mode of replication, or their manner
of

of interrogation, as they are generally and unfortunately attended with a species of tartness on every trivial occasion. This indicates, to common observers, a degree of petulance, and seems to take its origin from a jealousy, or rather fear of their own consequence being degraded or injured in some respect. This should be carefully avoided, for the very appearance of peevishness is ungraceful and painful.

The fretful man, though he injures us less, disgusts us more than him who is passionate; because he betrays a low and little mind, intent on trifles, and engrossed by a paltry self love, which knows not how to bear the apprehensions of any inconveniencies. It is self love, then, which we must combat, when we find ourselves assaulted by this infirmity; and by voluntarily enduring inconveniencies, we shall habituate ourselves to bear them with ease and good humour, when occasioned by others.

We should endeavour, by denying ourselves, now and then, innocent indulgencies, to acquire a habit of command over our passions and inclinations, particularly such as are likely to lead us into evil, and abstract our minds from that attention to trifling circumstances which usually
creates

creates this uneasiness. Our minds should, therefore, be content, have always some object in pursuit worthy of them, that they may not be engrossed by such as are in themselves scarce worth a moment's anxiety; yet from too minute and anxious attention, seldom fail to produce a teasing, mean, and fretful disposition.

We should substitute in their room the pursuit of glory and happiness in another life.—Reading, reflection, rational conversation, and, above all, conversing with God, by prayer and meditation, would preserve us from taking that interest in the little comforts and conveniencies of our remaining days, which usually gives birth to so much fretfulness in old people.

Notwithstanding this is generally attributed to age, still we often see the young, the healthy, and those who enjoy the most outward blessings, inexcusably guilty of it. The smallest disappointment in pleasure, or difficulty in the most trifling employment, will put *wilful* young people out of temper, and their very amusements become sources of vexation and peevishness. There is a degree of resignation necessary even in the enjoyment of pleasure: we must be ready and willing to give up some part of what we could wish

with for, before we can enjoy that which is indulged by us. The craving of restless vanity, the too constant companion of youthful bosoms, will endure a thousand mortifications, which, in the midst of seeming pleasure, will secretly corrode the heart; while the meek and humble generally find more gratification than they expected, and return home pleased and enlivened from every scene of amusement, though they could have staid away from it with perfect ease and contentment.

Sullenness and obstinacy, is perhaps a worse fault of temper than either of the former; and, if indulged, may end in the most fatal extremes of stubborn melancholy, malice, and revenge. The resentment, which instead of being expressed, is passed in secret, and continually aggravated by the imagination, will in time become the ruling passion; and then how horrible must be his case, whose kind and pleasurable affections are all swallowed up by the tormenting, as well as detestable, sentiments of hatred and revenge!

We should not brood over resentment, but speak calmly, reasonably, and kindly; then expostulate with our adversary;—and either reconcile ourselves to him, or quiet our minds under the injury

injury we have supposed he has done us, by the principle of Christian charity. But if it appears we ourselves have been the aggressors, we should acknowledge our error fairly and honourably:—a generous confession oftentimes more than atones for the fault which requires it.

Truth and justice demand that we should acknowledge conviction as soon as we feel it, and not maintain an erroneous opinion, or justify a wrong conduct, merely from the false shame of confessing our past ignorance. With a disposition strongly inclined to fullness or obstinacy, this may appear perhaps impracticable; but by constant use, the mind will gain strength from the contest, and this internal enemy will by degrees be forced to give ground.

The love of truth, and a real desire of improvement, ought to be the only motives of argumentation; and where these are sincere, no difficulty can be made of embracing the truth, as soon as it is perceived. To receive advice, reproof, and instruction properly, is the surest sign of a sincere and humble heart, and shews a greatness of mind which commands our respect and reverence, while it appears so willingly to yield to us in superiority.

We should consider, that those who tell us of our faults, if they do it from motives of kindness, and not of malice, exert their friendship in a painful office, which must have cost as great an effort, as it can be to us to acknowledge the service ; and if we refuse this encouragement, we cannot expect that any one, who is not absolutely obliged to it by duty, will, a second time undertake such an ill-requited trouble.

Excessive and ill-judged indulgence, seldom fails to reduce a woman to the miserable condition of a humoured child, always unhappy, from having nobody's will to study but its own. The insolence of such demands for herself, and such disregard to the choice and inclinations of others, can seldom fail to make as many enemies as there are persons obliged to bear with those humours ; whilst a compliant, a reasonable, and contented disposition, would render her happy in herself, and beloved by all her companions, particularly by those who live constantly with her.

Family friendships, are the friendships made for us by an all wise Providence :—hence ought we to employ every faculty of entertainment, every engaging qualification which we possess to the best advantage, for those who live under the
same

same roof, and with whom we are connected in life, either by the ties of blood, or by the still more sacred obligation of voluntary engagement. The sincere and genuine smiles of complacency and love should adorn our countenance. That ready compliance, that alertness to assist and oblige, which demonstrates true affection, must animate our behaviour, and endear our most common actions. Politeness must accompany our greatest familiarities, and restrain us from every thing that is really offensive, or which can give a moment's unnecessary pain. Conversation, which is so apt to grow dull and insipid in families, nay, in some, to be almost laid aside, must be cultivated with the frankness and openness of friendship, and by the mutual communication of whatever may conduce to the improvement or innocent entertainment of each other.

All these qualifications, which cannot fail to render us pleasing, will be the natural result of a well governed temper, as it will derive pleasure to itself, in proportion as it has the power of communicating it to others. This disposition of mind should therefore be cultivated with the utmost care and diligence; the symptoms of that humour, against which all our artillery should be levelled, should be minutely watched, and with

a firm resolution conquered as they rise; for a sweet disposition is its own reward, and is in itself essential to happiness.

THOUGHTS ON ADVERSITY.

SWEET are the uses of adversity.—It is a medicine which, although bitter when first swallowed; after it has been properly digested, is sure to do the patient infinite service.

A continued circulation of ease is disgustful; the same round of pleasure to tread over and over again—every part becomes joyless.—The glare of dress, the pomp of equipage, the ceremony and state of great dinners, are rather fatiguing than satisfactory; and I dare maintain it, that the rich people's lives, whose minds are unembellished with a taste for arts and sciences, would be horridly disgustful to themselves, did they not dissipate so many hours in hair-dressing and card-playing.

The man who has not had his portion of infelicity, cannot feel for his fellow creatures as he should do, nor relish life as he ought.

The

The man who has known what it is to want the superfluities of the world's wantonness, can best relinquish them: his death-bed is to him a bed of down; while the proud man, of uninterrupted affluence, dies upon a rack. He reflects upon what he thinks are the finest things of this world, and that he must leave them all behind him.

Of what does the rich man, who is fond of parade, avail himself? He will exhaust the inventions of his tradesmen, to decorate the state of pageantry he appears in, and for what? merely to indulge the vulgar stare; to feast the sight of the mob he despises; to satisfy loitering curiosity; and give excuse to idle and impertinent inquisitiveness.

When the peacock spreads abroad its spangled plumage, we admire the glaring tints, but the bird itself is not worth listening to.

It is thus every person who will give common sense fair-play, views many keepers of gilded equipages, who lolling in lazy luxury, lounge along the face of the earth, with unfeeling hearts, and insipid minds.

O!

O! little know the idle licentious the joys which honest industry feels at every well-earned meal he sits down to, at every chearful glass which he relishes after the day's labour is over.

When the ingenious artist receives his money for his finished performance, that premium which ingenuity merits, and the tribute which worth demands from wealth, think you the receiver of a bett enjoys such satisfaction? Or tell me, if you can, ye gallopers upon the turf; ye who often, out of ostentation, hollow out—"That horse for fifty," did you ever receive a thousandth part the pleasure from all the sums you have parted with, equal to what the worthy father of his small family feels, when he sees his lovely-looking little prattlers new-cloathed by his honestly gained purchases?—when he sees them ranged before him, each displaying the innocent gladness of his mind, and shewing their Papa the new thing, while an amiable wife sits attentive to their pretty chat, with a glistening tear of JOY SWIMMING IN HER EYE, AS SHE FEASTS UPON THIS HEART-FELT PICTURE.

IM-

IMPORTANCE OF FEELINGS ACCOM- MODATED TO HAPPINESS.

ILLUSTRATED IN THE CHARACTERS OF

CLITANDER AND EUDOCIUS.

THAT we often make the misery, as well as "the happiness we do not find," is a truth which Moralists have frequently remarked, and which can hardly be too often repeated. 'Tis one of those specific maxims which apply to every character, and to every situation, and which therefore, in different modes of expression, almost every wise man has endeavoured to enforce and illustrate. Without going so far as the Stoics would have us, we may venture to assert, that there is scarce any state of calamity in which a firm and a virtuous mind will not create to itself consolation and relief; nor any absolute degree of prosperity and success in which a naturally discontented spirit will not find cause of disappointment and disgust. But in such extremes of situation, it is the lot of few to be placed. Of the bulk of mankind the life is passed amidst
scenes

O! little know the idle licentious the joys which honest industry feels at every well-earned meal he sits down to, at every chearful glass which he relishes after the day's labour is over.

When the ingenious artist receives his money for his finished performance, that premium which ingenuity merits, and the tribute which worth demands from wealth, think you the receiver of a bett enjoys such satisfaction? Or tell me, if you can, ye gallopers upon the turf; ye who often, out of ostentation, hollow out—"That horse for fifty," did you ever receive a thousandth part the pleasure from all the sums you have parted with, equal to what the worthy father of his small family feels, when he sees his lovely-looking little prattlers new-clothed by his honestly gained purchases?—when he sees them ranged before him, each displaying the innocent gladness of his mind, and shewing their Papa the new thing, while an amiable wife sits attentive to their pretty chat, with a glistening tear of JOY SWIMMING IN HER EYE, AS SHE FEASTS UPON THIS HEART-FELT PICTURE.

IM-

IMPORTANCE OF FEELINGS ACCOM- MODATED TO HAPPINESS.

ILLUSTRATED IN THE CHARACTERS OF

CLITANDER AND EUDOCIUS.

THAT we often make the misery, as well as “the happiness we do not find,” is a truth which Moralists have frequently remarked, and which can hardly be too often repeated. 'Tis one of those specific maxims which apply to every character, and to every situation, and which therefore, in different modes of expression, almost every wise man has endeavoured to enforce and illustrate. Without going so far as the Stoics would have us, we may venture to assert, that there is scarce any state of calamity in which a firm and a virtuous mind will not create to itself consolation and relief; nor any absolute degree of prosperity and success in which a naturally discontented spirit will not find cause of disappointment and disgust. But in such extremes of situation, it is the lot of few to be placed. Of the bulk of mankind the life is passed amidst
scenes

scenes of no very eventful sort, amidst ordinary engagements, and ordinary cares. But of these, perhaps, still more than of the others, the good or evil is in a great measure regulated by the temper and disposition of him to whom they fall out ; like metals in coin, it is not alone their intrinsic nature, but also that impresson which they receive from us, that creates their value. It must be material, therefore, in the art of happiness, to possess the power of stamping satisfaction on the enjoyments which Providence has put into our hands. I have been led into these reflections from meeting lately with two old acquaintances, from whom I had, by various accidents, been a long while separated, but whose dispositions our early intimacy had perfectly unfolded to me, and the circumstances of whose lives I have since had occasion to learn.

When at school, Clitander was the pride of his parents, and the boast of our Master.— There was no acquirement which his genius was not equal to; and though he was sometimes deficient in application, yet whenever he chose he outshone every competitor.

Eudocius was a lad of very inferior talents. He was frequently the object of Clitander's ridicule,

dicule, but he bore it with indifference that very soon disarmed his adversary; and his constant obligingness and good humour made all his class-fellows his friends.

Clitander was born the heir of a very large estate, which coming to the possession of at an early age, he set out on his travels, and continued abroad for a considerable number of years. In the accomplishments of the man, he was equally successful as he had been in the attainments of the boy, and attracted particular notice in the different places of his residence on the continent, as a young man from whom the highest expectations might reasonably be formed. But it was remarked by some intelligent observers, that he rather acquired than relished these accomplishments, and learned to judge more than to admire whatever was beautiful in nature, or excellent in art. At times he seemed like other youthful possessors of ample fortunes, disposed to enjoy the means of pleasure which his situation enabled him to command. At other times, he talked with indifference or contempt both of these pleasures themselves, and of the companions with whom they had been shared. He remained longer abroad than is customary, as his friends said, to make himself master of whatever might

be useful to his country, or ornamental to himself; but in fact, he remained where he was, as I have heard himself confess, from an indifference about whither he should go; because, *as* he frankly said, he thought he should find the same fools at Rome as at Paris, at Naples as at Rome. In going through Hungary, he visited the quicksilver mines, where the miserable workmen, pent up for life, hear of the light and of the sun, as of the beatitudes of another world. One of those, as Clitander and his party came up to him, was leaning on his mattock, under one of the dismal lamps that unfold the horrors of the place, eating the morsel of brown bread that is allowed them. What wretched fare! said one of the company. But he seems to enjoy it! replied Clitander.

When he returned to England, he was surrounded by the young and the gay, who allured him to pleasure; and by more respectable characters, who invited him to business and ambition. With both societies he often mixed, but could scarcely be said to associate; to both he lent himself, as it were, for the time; but became the property of neither, and seemed equally dissatisfied with both.

When

When I saw him lately, he was at his paternal seat, one of the finest places in one of the finest parts of the country. To my admiration of its improvements he assented with the coolness of a spectator who had often looked on them; yet I found that he had planned most of them himself. In the neighbourhood I found him respected, but not popular; and even when I was told stories of his beneficence, of which there were many, they were told as deeds in which he was to be imitated rather than beloved. His hospitality was uncommonly extensive; but his neighbours partook of it rather as a duty than a pleasure. And though at table he said more witty and more lively things than all his guests put together, yet every body remarked how dull the dinner had been.

At his house I found *Eudocius*, who flew to embrace me, and to tell me his history since we parted. He told it rather more in detail than was necessary; but I thanked him for his minuteness, because it had the air of believing me interested in the tale. Eudocius was now almost as rich as Clitander; but his fortune was of his own acquisition. In the line of commerce, to which he had been bred, he had been highly successful. Industry, the most untainted uprightness, and that sort of claim which a happy disposition had

upon every good man he met, had procured him such advantages, that in a few years he found himself possessed of wealth beyond his most sanguine expectations, and, as he modestly said, much beyond his merits: but he did himself injustice; he had all the merit which enjoying it thankfully, and using it well, could give.

At his house, to which I afterwards attended him, most things were good, and Eudocius honestly praised them all. He had a group of his neighbours assembled, all of whom were happy; but those who came from visiting Clitander were always the happiest. In his garden and grounds there were some beauties which Eudocius showed you with much satisfaction; there were many deformities which he did not observe himself: if any other remarked them he was happy they were discovered, and took a memorandum for mending them next year. His tenants and cottagers were contented and comfortable, or at least in situations that ought to make them so. If any of them came with complaints to Eudocius, he referred them to his steward, but with injunctions to treat them indulgently; and when the steward sometimes told him he had been imposed on, he said he would not trust the man again: but repeated a favourite phrase of his, which

which he had learned from somebody, but adopted from pure good nature, "that he might be cheated of his money, but should not of his temper." In this, as in every thing else, it was not easy to vex him, while on the other hand he was made happy at very little expence: he laughed at dull jokes, was pleased with bad pictures, praised dull books, and patronized very inferior artists; not always from an absolute ignorance of these things, (though his taste, it must be owned, was none of the most acute), but because it was his way to be pleased, and that he liked to see people pleased around him.

It was not so with Clitander. Wanting that enthusiasm, that happy deception, which leads warmer, and indeed inferior minds, through life, he examined with too critical, perhaps too just an eye, its pleasures, its ambition, its love, its friendship, and found them empty and unsatisfying.

Eudocius was the happy spectator of an indifferently played comedy; but Clitander had got behind the scenes, and saw the actors with all their wants and imperfections. Clitander, however, never shows the sourness or the melancholy of a misanthrope. He is not interested
enough

enough in mankind to be angry, nor is the world worth his being sad for. Thus he not only wants the actual pleasures of life, but even that sort of enjoyment which results from its sorrows.

Miserum te judico, quod nunquam fueris miser.

SEN.

The only satisfaction he seems to feel, is that sort of detection which his ability enables him to make of the emptiness of the world's pleasures, the hypocrisy of its affected virtues, the false estimation of its knowledge, the ridiculousness of its pretended importance. Hence he is often a man of humour and of wit, and plays with both, with the appearance of gaiety and mirth. But this gaiety is not happiness. Such a detection may clothe one's face in smiles, but it cannot make glad the heart.

In the gaiety of Clitander, however excited, there is little enjoyment. Clitander undervalues his audience, and never delivers himself up to them with that happy cheerfulness with which Eudocius tells his old stories, and every one laughs without knowing why.

In

In the apathy of a dull man, no body is interested, and we consign him to its influence without reflection and without regret. But when one considers how much is lost to the world by the indifference of Clitander, one cannot help lamenting that unfortunate perversion of talents, by which they are not only deprived of their value, but made instruments of ill fortune ; which, if I may be allowed the expression, disappoints the bounty of Heaven, both to its possessor himself, and to those around him, whom it ought to have enriched.

A N E C D O T E.

THE late famous Arthur Moore, who was much in favour with the Tory Ministry, in the latter part of Queen Ann's reign, had a lady who was reckoned a woman of great wit and humour, but in political principles quite opposite to those of her husband. This same lady coming home one evening, told her husband, she wished him joy, for she had heard he was to be made a Lord. (This was before the death of Queen Ann.) And pray, said he, what did they say was to

to be my title?—My Lord *Tairiff* replied she, which was a saucer upon him, for having been engaged in settling a tairiff of trade, for which he was thought well skilled. And why don't you, when you hear any one abuse your husband, spit in their face, said he. No, I thank you, answered the lady, *I do not intend to spit myself into a consumption.*

ANECDOTE

OF

D R Y D E N.

MR. Dryden happening to pass an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, Lord Dorset, and others of the first distinction and reputation for genius, the conversation turned upon literary subjects; such as the fineness of composition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the smoothness and elegance of style, &c. &c. After some debate, it was finally agreed, that each person present should write something upon whatever subject chanced to strike the imagination, and
place

place it under the candlestick. Mr. Dryden was excepted against in every respect, but as a judge of the whole. Of course that office was assigned him.

Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other: the man most tranquil and unconcerned was Lord Dorset; who, with much ease and composure, very coolly wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them in the place agreed upon; and when the rest had done so by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one, in particular, he discovered the most boundless rapture.

“ I must acknowledge,” says Dryden, “ that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to Lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, Gentlemen; and I believe each and every of you will approve my judgment.

‘ I promise to pay to John Dryden, Esq.
or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.

DORSET.’

L

“ I

"I must confess," continued Dryden, "that I am equally charmed with the style and the subject; and I flatter myself, Gentlemen, that I stand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the essence, but the quintessence of language; and is, in fact, reason and argument surpassing every thing."

The company all readily concurred with the bard; and each person present was forward to express a due admiration of his Lordship's penetration, sound judgment, and superior abilities; with which it is probable Mr. Dryden, that great judge upon such occasions, was still more thoroughly satisfied than any of the company.

ON THE

FRAILITY, INSTABILITY OF LIFE, &c.

A SOLILOQUY.

AS I was sitting the other night by the fire side, my thoughts being solely taken up with the part I should act on the grand theatre of the world, the candle which burnt on the table was blown out by the wind that issued from the door, which Lucy had just opened. This accident directly impressed me with a sense of my own frailty, and threw me into a train of melancholy reflections. This, said I, is the true picture of human life. We are here now, but who dares boast himself of the morrow ; for the wisest know not what a day may bring forth ? Death is a debt we all contract the moment we are born, and it is a debt we all must pay. Some die in their infancy, some in their youth, and others drag on a life of misery and trouble ; but soon all must submit to this powerful enemy. In vain has nature formed us by her peculiar care ; in vain has fortune bestowed on us her smiles ; beauty and riches plead in vain a little longer stay. The infants, like the sensitive plant, sink under the

least touch of sickness : scarce is the breath of life breathed into their nostrils, but death demands it, and they moulder into that dust from which they were so lately taken.

Could not death have spared those little innocent ones ? Surely they could not have been guilty of any thing that deserved such a punishment—but just brought into the world !—I was going on, when something whispered in my ear, presumptuous mortal ! endeavour not to pry into the mysterious work of divine wisdom,

“ But where you can’t unriddle learn to trust.”

— Here I made a long pause, nor could I refrain venting the effusions of an heart sensible of the gratitude I owe God for permitting me, a sinful mortal, to live so long.

The youth, daring and bold, just arrived at the bloom of life, who has before him the prospect of spending a long one in many years of uninterrupted happiness, now contrives and lays down a plan for his future days ; one while he is led away by ambition, who tells him that there can be no happiness equal to that of being carested by the people, and to hear the multitude shouting
his

his praise. Prudence then takes him, and tells him that fame affords no such pleasure as he is taught to believe, that if he is the wonder of a few, he will be the object of the envy of many, and that if happiness is his aim, he must not launch out into so large an ocean, but confine himself to private life, which yields more lasting pleasure, and more solid enjoyment. He is divided in his opinion, and knows not whose advice to take ; but here death steps in and arrests him in his wild pursuit ; his pleasing hopes all vanish, and his prospects are all buried in the grave.

Old age next presented itself to my view, on which can any one look and forget his own weakness ? There we see nature quite exhausted, and willing to return to its kindred dust. Although we lived to the greatest age ever man did, yet our days are but as the days of an hireling, and our life as a tale that is told.

Extending my views still farther, I observed that all worldly things soon tend to decay, that nations and cities have their infancy, age, and dissolution, the same as man ; to witness this, where now are all those kingdoms recorded in history ? where now is Rome, that mistress of the world ?

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world? where now are her poets, who sung the deeds of heroes, and immortalized them by their song? where now are her warriors who carried terror through the earth? and where now is Babylon, the pride and glory of the East? Her haughty towers lie now weeping in ashes, and there is not a vestige of its former grandeur and magnificence remaining. Those places where Kings used to reside, are now become the dens of savage beasts.

If this then is true, (and that it is true every day proves), why all this pride and bustle in the world? If so soon all must be laid in the grave, in the dust, which knows no distinction, and the worm riots on the carcase of the King, as soon as on that of the beggar. Hence will I seek some solitary retreat, where I may learn to despise the world and its false pleasures. I will endeavour to take off my affections from it, and fix them only on that place where true joy is to be found.

THE

THE BOUNTY OF THE CREATOR.

WHAT is more necessary for the support of life, than food? Behold, the earth is covered with it all around; grass, herbs, and fruits, for beasts and men, were ordained to overspread all the surface of the ground, so that an animal could scarce wander any where. At his food was near him. Amazing provision for such an immense family!

What are the sweetest colours in nature, the most delightful to the eye, and the most refreshing too? Surely the green and the blue claim this pre-eminence. Common experience, as well as philosophy, tells us, that bodies of green and blue colours send us such rays of light to our eyes, as are least hurtful or offensive: we can endure them longest; whereas the red and yellow, or orange colour, send more uneasy rays in abundance, and give greater confusion and pain to the eye; they dazzle it sooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent gazing; therefore the Divine Goodness dressed all the heavens in blue, and the earth in green. Our habitation is over-hung with a canopy of most beautiful azure, and a rich verdant pavement is spread under our feet,
that

that the eye may be pleas'd and easi where-
soever it turns itself, and that the most universal
objects it has to converse with, might not impair
the spirits, and make the sense weary.

I.

WHEN God the new-made world survey'd,
His word pronounc'd the building good ;
Sun beams and light the heavens array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with food.

II.

Colours that charm and please the eye,
His pencil spread all nature round ;
With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,
And a green carpet dress'd the ground.

III.

Let envious Atheists ne'er complain
That nature wants, or skill or care ;
But turn their eyes all round in vain,
T'avoid their Maker's goodness there.

ANECDOTE

OF

SOCRATES.

ONE day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's brawling, went out of his house, and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence. The woman, enraged to find all her scolding was not able to disturb his tranquillity, flung a chamber pot full upon his head. Those that happened to see it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates; but that philosopher told them, smiling, *I thought, indeed, that after so much thunder, we should have some rain.*

PLEASURES OF OLD AGE.

THOUGH, in old age, the circle of pleasure is contracted, yet within its limits many of those enjoyments remain which are most grateful to human nature.

M

Tem-

Temperate mirth is not extinguished by advanced years ; the mild pleasures of domestic life still cheer the heart. The entertainments of conversation and social intercourse continue unimpaired. The desire of knowledge is not abated by the frailty of the body, and the leisure of old age affords many opportunities for gratifying that desire. The sphere of observation and reflection is not so much enlarged by long acquaintance with the world, as to supply, within itself, a wide range of improving thought.

Whilst the aged are engaged in such employments as best suit the infirmities of their nature, they are surrounded, perhaps, with families, who treat them with attention and respect : they are honoured by their friends, their characters are established, and are placed beyond the reach of clamour, and the strife of tongues ; and free from distracting cares, can calmly attend to their eternal interests. No age is doomed to total infelicity, provided that we attempt not to do violence to nature, by seeking to extort from one age the pleasures of another, and to gather in the winter of life those flowers which were destined to blossom only in its summer or its spring.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

S W I F T.

SWIFT once stopping at an inn at Dundalk, sent for a barber to shave him ; who performed his office very dexterously, and being a prating fellow, amused the Dean, during the operation, with a variety of chat. The Dean enquired of him who was the minister of the parish, and whether he had one farthing to rub upon another? — The barber answered, that though the benefice was but small, the incumbent was very rich.—“ How the plague can that be?” — “ Why, please your reverence, he buys up frizes, flannels, stockings, shoes, brogues, and other things when cheap, and sells them at an advanced price to the parishioners, and so picks up a penny.”

The Dean was curious to see this Vicar, and dismissing the barber with a shilling, desired the landlord to go in his name, and ask that gentleman to eat a mutton chop with him, for he had bespoke a yard of mutton, the name he usually

gave to the neck for dinner. Word was brought back that he had rid abroad to visit some sick parishioners. Why then, said the Dean, invite that prating barber, that I may not dine alone. The barber was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dressed out in his best apparel, came to the inn, first enquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who had so kindly invited him. What the vengeance, said the servant, don't you know Dean Swift? at which the barber turned pale, said his babbling tongue had ruined him: then ran into the house, fell upon his knees, and intreated the Dean not to put him in print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his reverence should put him into black and white, he should lose all his customers.

Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's simplicity, bade him sit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he assured him he would neither put him, or his wife, or the Vicar in print. After dinner, having got out of him the history of the whole parish, he dismissed him with half a crown, highly delighted with the adventures of the day.

ANECDOTE

OF THE

PRINCE OF ORANGE,

AFTERWARDS KING WILLIAM.

WHEN the Duke of Monmouth made his expedition to England, he was countenanced in it by the Prince of Orange, as he pretended that his design of going, was to bring about a republic in that kingdom. But when the Prince of Orange understood that he aimed at the crown, he was greatly alarmed, and sent an exprefs to his father-in-law, King James, to acquaint him what number of forces he and Argyll had, and where they intended to land; and offered to come in person himself to head the army against him. This intelligence put a speedy end to the rebellion, which might not have been so soon quashed, if the Prince of Orange had not perceived that he caught at the crown, which he longed so much for himself.

King James is blamed for cutting the Duke of Monmouth off so hastily, and denying to hear what
he

he had to say to him before his death : but this was owing to the advice of the Earl of Sunderland, and others of the King's counsel, who deceived the King in this matter, as they well knew that he would make discoveries, which would defeat the revolution which they were then meditating to effect, by putting the King upon measures to alienate the affections of his people from him. When the Prince of Orange was told by some, who were ignorant of the grand secret between them, that the Earl Sunderland had turned Roman Catholic, he, without surprise, merrily replied, " Let him turn any thing, rather than turn out."

BON MOT OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

WHEN the Duke of Clarence was first informed of the fire at his Richmond villa, his Royal Highness eagerly enquired if the " stowage in the hold was safe ?" and being assured that neither the cellars or wines were in the least damaged, he exclaimed, " the upper decks may burn to the water's edge, for what I care, so long as none of the crew are lost."

A H Y M N.

I.

DEATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there ;
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.

II.

Might I but climb to PRISCAH's top,
And view the promis'd land ;
My soul would long her flesh to drop,
And pray for the command.

III.

I would renounce my *all* below
If my Creator bid ;
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

IV.

JESUS, the vision of thy faith,
Hath over-pow'ring charms ;
Scarce shall I feel death's *cold* embrace,
If CHRIST be in my arms.

V.

V.

Swift to the place of pure delight,
Where saints triumphant reign ;
My soul shall wing *her* joyful flight
From *sorrow, sin, and pain.*

VI.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
This Heav'nly land from ours.

VII.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in lively green ;
So to the Jews Old *Canaan* stood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between.

VIII.

O could I make my fears remove,
Those gloomy fears that rise ;
And see the *Canaan* which I love
With unclouded eyes !

IX.

Could I but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not death's dark vale, or icy flood,
Should fright me from the shore.

X.

Clasp'd in my Heav'nly FATHER's arms,
I would forget to breathe ;
And lose my life amidst the charms,
Of ~~to~~ divine a death.

INGRATITUDE.

AN ESSAY.

WHENEVER I see an ungrateful person,
I look upon him to be a disgrace to
human nature ; and that if he was in a high
station, he would be cruel, and if in a low one,
would be guilty of doing every thing a low life is
subject to the temptation of.

N

That

That ingratitude comprehends all other vices need not raise a doubt in the mind of any ; if it does, I greatly fear they have too great a reason to suspect themselves guilty of it.

Moralists hold it as a balance to every other vice, and think that none are of so deep a dye.

Ingratitude is too mean to refuse the lowest favours, and too proud to acknowledge the highest.

Many melancholy instances prove that man misuses the reason his Creator has blessed him with, and which alone sets him above the other animals.

The lion is fond of his keepers, and thankful to the hand that gives him food ; but man, and man alone, is guilty of ingratitude : and when we have said that a man is ungrateful, we have said he is every thing that is bad.

The heathens—the heathens themselves, who had not the benefit of revealed religion, were seldom found guilty of this vice : and does it not call a blush up in the face of every Christian, to think that morality flourished more then than
in

in these days, and that they should discharge the social duties better than—I was almost going to say, a Christian?

We are told that a man “ who does not love his brother loves not God ;” and we may safely affirm, that he who is ungrateful to his neighbour, can never be grateful to God ; for morality is but the first step to religion ; and whoever builds without it, builds on a sandy foundation.

I defy all the votaries of this vice to show me a grateful person, who is not a good father, and a good friend—in fine, show me a grateful man who is not a happy one, and, *e contrario*, an ungrateful one, who is not miserable.

Ancients and moderns all agree that man was intended for society, to administer comfort to his fellow creatures, and to receive it in return from them ; and by a mutual intercourse one with another, to smooth the vale of life, and strew rosebuds along this thorny way.

If we look into the world, we shall see the grateful, with the greatest joy, when in his power, repaying the favours he has received. Content will always be visible in his looks, and he gene-

rally finds the ultimate end of all wordly pursuits,
I mean happiness.

When such a man falls, who is not willing to lend him an assisting hand, and to pour in the balm of comfort to the wound of affliction? whereas, we shall behold the ungrateful man the unhappiest, as well as the worst of men. He is a friend to no one, and when he falls, he falls without pity; and when he dies, few are the tears that are shed upon his grave.

ON OUR

TASTE FOR VARIETY.

AN uniform life of peace, tranquillity, and security, would not be long relished. Constant repetition of the same pleasures would render even a golden age tasteless, like an Italian sky during a long summer. Nature has, for wise purposes, impressed upon us a taste for variety. Without this, life would be altogether insipid.

Paraguay

Paraguay, when governed by the Jesuits, affords a striking illustration. It was divided into parishes, in each of which a Jesuit presided as King, Priest, and Prophet. The natives were not suffered to have any property, but laboured incessantly for their daily bread, which was delivered to them out of a public magazine. The men were employed in agriculture, the women in spinning; and certain hours were allotted for labour, for food, for prayer, and for sleep.—They soon sunk into such a listless state of mind, as to have no regret at dying when attacked by disease, or by old age. Such was their indifference about what might befall them, that, though they adored the Jesuits, yet they made no opposition, when the fathers were, in the year 1767, attacked by the Spaniards, and their famous republic demolished. Yet this Jesuit republic is extolled by M. de Voltaire, as the most perfect government in the world, and as the triumph of humanity.

The monkish life is contradictory to the nature of man. The languor of that state is what, in all probability tempts many a monk and nun, to find occupation, even at the expence of virtue.

The life of Maltese Knights is far from being agreeable, now that their knight errantry against
the

the Turks has subsided. While they reside in the island, a strict uniformity in their manner of living is painful and irksome. Absence is their own relief when they can obtain permission. There will not remain long a Knight in the island, except such as by office are obliged to attendance.

Familiarity with danger is necessary to eradicate our natural timidity: and so deeply rooted is that principal, that familiarity with danger of one fort, does not harden us with respect to any other fort.

A foldier, bold as a lion in the field, is faint hearted at sea, like a child; and a seaman, who braves the winds and waves, trembles when mounted on a horse of spirit. Even in the midst of dangers and unforeseen accidents, courage does not at present superabound. Sedentary manufacturers, who are seldom in the way of harm, are remarkably pusillanimous. What would men be, then, in a state of universal peace, concord, and security? They would rival a hare or a mouse in timidity. Farewell, upon that supposition, to courage, magnanimity, heroism, and to every passion that ennobles human nature.

ANECDOTE.

IN the twelfth century, that age of superstition, when scarce one person imagined that devotion and vice were incompatible with each other, Saint Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, was distinguished by a purity of sentiment and manners, then uncommon. One day he came to the nunnery of Godstowe, and entering the church, beheld a magnificent tomb, covered with silk hangings, and surrounded by lamps and wax tapers. Enquiring whose it was, he was answered, that it was the tomb of Rosamond, the mistress of King Henry, who had been a great benefactress to that church.—“What! (exclaimed Saint Hugh) can money then obtain those honours which are due to the virtuous only? This woman has enriched your house; but she persisted in her guilt. Remove those pompous ornaments from her tomb, and let us convince mankind, that it is not gold, but repentance and piety alone, that can expiate a life of scandal and adultery.”

ANEC-

ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Dr. Saunderson, the blind Mathematical Professor of Cambridge, being in a very large company, observed, without any hesitation or enquiry, that a Lady, who had just left the room, and whom he did not know, had very fine teeth. As this was really the case, he was questioned as to the means he employed in making such a discovery.—I have no reason to think the Lady a fool, said the Doctor ; and I have given the only reason she could have, for keeping herself in a continual laugh for an hour together.

ANECDOTE

OF

PETER THE GREAT.

PETER was no more than twenty-five years of age, when he was seized with an inflammatory fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. The consternation was general ; and public

lic prayers for his recovery were made in all the churches. In these alarming circumstances the chief Judge came to his Majesty, according to an ancient custom, and enquired whether it would not be proper to give liberty to nine malefactors, who had been condemned for murders and highway robberies, in order that those criminals might address their prayers to heaven for his recovery.

The Czar commanded the Judge to read aloud the heads of the accusations against those men. The Judge obeyed; and when he had finished, the Czar, with a weak and faltering voice thus addressed him.—“Dost thou think, that in granting impunity to these wretches, and impeding the course of justice, I should do a good action, and that God to reward it, would prefer the prayers of murderers and wicked men, that have forgotten even *him*? Go, I command thee, and execute, to-morrow, the sentence pronounced upon these criminals; and if any thing can obtain from heaven the restoration of my health, I hope it will be this act of justice!”

The orders of the Czar were executed. His health grew better every day; and in a little time he was perfectly recovered.

ANECDOTE

OF THE

LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THIS great Prince amused himself daily by mixing with the people, and often going into coffee-houses *incog.* at Paris, where soon after his arrival he met with a person with whom he played at chess. The Emperor lost his game, and wished to play another; but the gentleman desired to be excused, saying, he must go to the opera to see the Emperor.—“What do you expect to see in the Emperor (says he); there is nothing worth seeing in him, I can assure you; he is just like any other man.” “No matter (says the gentleman), I have long had an irresistible curiosity to see him: he is a very great man, and I will not be disappointed. “And is that really your only motive (said the Emperor) for going to the Opera?” “It really is” (replied the gentleman.) “Well then, if that is the case (says the Emperor) we may as well play another game now, *for you see him before you.*”

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

SIR GEORGE RODNEY.

DURING Sir George Rodney's late residence in Paris, so great was his indigence, that he frequently knew not where to apply for a dinner. Monsieur de Sartine, no stranger to his professional abilities, thought this a proper time to wean his affections from his country, and therefore employed the Duke de Biron to make him an offer of the command of the French West India fleet, with a sum of money that should restore him to independence. The Duke, in consequence of this, invited Sir George to spend a month at his house, and in the course of that time frequently founded him with great delicacy on the subject ; but not being able to make himself properly understood, he at last openly declared to him, " that as his Royal Master meant the West Indies to be the theatre of the present war, he was commissioned to make the handsomest offers to Sir George, if he would quit the English service, and take upon him the command of a French squadron."

Sir George, after hearing him with great temper, spiritedly made him this answer: "Sir, my distresses, it is true, have driven me from the bosom of my country; but no temptation whatever can estrange me from her service. Had this offer been a voluntary one of your own, I should have deemed it an insult; but I am glad to learn that it proceeds from a quarter that can do no wrong!"

The Duke de Biron was so struck with the public virtue of the old British tar, that he instantly exclaimed—"it is a pity so gallant an officer should be lost to his country. Will a thousand louis-d'ors enable you to revisit it, and tender your services to your Sovereign?" The other replied they would. The Duke immediately advanced him the sum, with which Sir George set out the next day for England, where he had not arrived a week before he returned the Duke's loan, accompanied with the most grateful letter for the singular obligation he had so politely conferred upon him.

DR. TILLOTSON

TO A

YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

MY LORD,

IT was a great satisfaction to me, to be any ways instrumental in gaining your Lordship to our Religion, which I really am persuaded to be the Truth; but I am, and always was, more concerned that your Lordship should continue a virtuous and good man, than become a Protestant; being assured that the ignorance and errors of men's understanding, will find a much easier forgiveness with God, than the faults of the will. I remember your Lordship once told me, that you would endeavour to justify the sincerity of your change, by a conscientious regard to all other parts and actions of your life. I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own act, than by being a worse man after your profession to have embraced a better religion: I will certainly be one of the last to believe any thing of your Lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be one of the first
that

that should hear it. The time I last waited upon your Lordship, I had heard something that affected me very sensibly ; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loath to trouble your Lordship about it ; but having heard the same from those, who I believe bear no ill will to your Lordship, I now think it my duty to acquaint you with it.

To speak plainly, I have been told that your Lordship is of late fallen into a conversation dangerous both to your reputation and virtue ; two of the tenderest and dearest things in the world. I believe your Lordship to have a great command and conduct of yourself ; but I am very sensible of human frailty, and of the dangerous temptations to which youth is exposed in this dissolute age. Therefore I earnestly beseech your Lordship to consider, besides the high provocation of Almighty God, and the hazard of your soul, whenever you engage in a bad course, what a blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted reputation ; what uneasiness and trouble you will create to yourself, from the severe reflections of a guilty conscience ; and how great a violence you will offer to your good principles, your nature, and your education.

Do

Do not imagine you can stop when you please: experience shews us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain than for men to think they can set bounds to themselves in any thing that is bad. I hope in God no temptation has yet prevailed upon your Lordship, so far as to be guilty of any loose act; if it has, as you love your soul, let it not proceed to an habit; the retreat is yet easy and open, but will every day become more difficult and obstructed. God is so merciful, that upon your repentance and resolution of amendment, he is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us by his grace to be better for the future.

But I need not enforce these considerations upon a mind so capable of, and easy to receive good counsel: I shall only desire your Lordship to think again and again, how great a point of wisdom it is, in all our actions, to consult the peace of our minds, and to have no quarrel with the constant and inseparable companion of our lives. If others displease us, we may quit their company; but he that is displeased with himself, is unavoidably unhappy, because he has no way to get rid of himself.

My

My Lord, for God's sake and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all means to save yourself from this untoward generation. Determine rather upon a speedy change of your condition, than to gratify the inclinations of your youth, in any thing but what is lawful and honourable ; and let me have the satisfaction to be assured from your Lordship, either that there has been no ground for this report, or that there shall be none for the future, which will be the welcomest news to me in the world. I have only to beg of your Lordship to believe that I have not done this to satisfy the formality of my profession ; but that it proceeds from the truest affection and good-will, that one man can possibly bear to another. I pray to God every day for your Lordship, with the same constancy and fervour as for myself, and do now earnestly beg that this counsel may be acceptable and effectual,

I am, &c.

OF

OF OUR
FALSE ESTIMATE OF GREATNESS.

HOW much do we mistake in the judgment we form of real greatness, when we view it at a distance, not only in the persons of those who are exalted to supreme dignity, and hold the reins of empire, but down through the intermediate ranks of life ! We are still ready to judge according to the outward appearances, and therefore are far from judging righteous judgment. Is a man appointed to a great office, whether in Church or State,—invested with the solemn badges of authority and power, are we not ready, however unfit he may be for the execution of his office ; however unworthy the eminence to which he is exalted, to pronounce him a *great man*, and to give him credit for virtues he never possessed ? But how difficult do we find it to persuade ourselves that a poor man may be as great, or greater than a rich man ? A private member of society, as great, or perhaps infinitely greater than one that is adorned with a splendid, public character ? The laborious Curate greater, perhaps, than his exalted Diocesan ? Yea, the honest industrious

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piou.

pious day-labourer, greater than the richest, proudest man in the universe, that is dishonest, indolent and wicked? All the homage we pay to greatness, which has nothing real in it, but is altogether imaginary, is a dishonour to real greatness, and a wicked attempt to level and destroy that most important of all distinctions,—the distinction between virtue and vice ; real goodness, and proud impudent hypocrisy.

MR. POPE

TO

MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

O H! be thou blest with all that Heav'n can
 send,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a
 friend ;
 Not with those toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
 With added years, if life bring nothing new,
 But like a sieve let ev'ry blessing thro' ;
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain, some sad reflection more ;

Is

Is that a birth-day? 'Tis alas ! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;
'Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy ;
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

AN

INDIAN ANECDOTE.

MAHMOUD, who conquered Persia and India towards the end of the tenth century, was a Tartar. He is hardly known at present in this western part of the world, except by the answer of a poor woman, that applied to him in India for justice against a person who had robbed

and murdered her son, in the province of Yrac in Persia.—“How would you have me do justice at such a distance?” said the Sultan. “Why then,” replied the mother, “did you conquer when you could not govern us?”

V I R T U E.

IF virtue promise happiness, prosperity, and ease, then an improvement in virtue is certainly an improvement in each of these; for to whatever point the perfection of any thing absolutely brings us, improvement is always an approach towards it.

He, who has never pulled the deceitful mask from vice, and witnessed her deformity, cannot be so feelingly enraptured with the mild unvarying beauties which adorn her unassuming rival.

A soul, conversant with virtue, resembles a perpetual fountain; for it is clear and gentle, and potable, and sweet, and communicative, and rich, and harmless, and innocent.

Virtue

Virtue loses more than half her charms, when she harshly assumes the features of austerity.

Every state and condition of life, if attended with virtue, is undisturbed and delightful ; but when vice is intermixt, it renders things that appear splendid, sumptuous, and magnificent, distasteful and uneasy to the possessor.

Virtue is a steady principle, and gives stability to every thing else : though while good men live in a giddy world, they must, in some measure, feel its uncertain motions.

Virtue is a blessing which man alone possesses, and no other creature has any title to but himself. All is nothing without her, and she alone is all. The other blessings of this life are often imaginary ; she is always real.

Virtue has so sweet a power, that every one will wear her livery, though few do her service.

There is no virtue which is not nearly connected with some vice : there is no imperfection which does not bear a near resemblance to some excellency ; and mankind, fond of indulging their favourite passions and inclinations, instead of distinguishing, endeavour to confound their vices with their virtues : instead of separating the bad from

from the good grain, they bind up all together,
and hug themselves in the belief of holding only
what is valuable.

The lesser virtues must be attended to, as well
as the greater : the manners as well as the duties
of life : they form a sort of pocket coin, which,
though it does not enter into great and important
transactions, is absolutely necessary to common
and ordinary intercourse.

And he that doth no good, altho' no ill,
Does not the office of the just fulfil ;
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer,
'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear ;
We live not only for ourselves to care,
Whilst they that want it are denied their share.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i'th'center, and enjoy bright day ;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun,
Himself is his own dungeon.

To live uprightly then, is sure the best,
To save ourselves and not to damn the rest ;
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, tho' less they know.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtues prize !

ANECDOTES

OF THE

DUCHESS OF WIRTEMBERG.

THIS Princess is of all the women in Europe, most free from religious prejudices.

The governesses who were entrusted with the education of the Princesses, her daughters, were directed to instruct them in the morality of religion, but never to speak to them upon any of those *speculative* points on which the different sects of Christians are divided.

The reason assigned by her Highness for the adoption of this system of education, was this—That as there were in Germany and other parts of Europe, Princes of different religions; and as her Highness could not foresee by which of them her daughters might be demanded in marriage, it was not fit or reasonable that merely speculative opinions should stand in the way of their happiness and advancement.

The

The Duchess said, that in adopting this mode of education, she consulted the peace of mind of her children. For as it was generally expected that the wife should conform to the religion of her husband (particularly in marriages between sovereign Princes), so it would be less painful to her daughters to take up a new religion, when they could not be said to sacrifice an old one.

The daughters of the Duchess have derived no inconsiderable benefits from this plan laid down by their mother.

One of them was demanded in marriage for the Grand Duke of Muscovy, or Russia, son and heir to the present Empress of Russia; to whom she has already borne two sons. Her Imperial Highness, immediately after her marriage, made profession of the religion of the Greek church, which is established in Russia. In doing this she did not change her religion, but assumed one for the first time.

Her sister, Princess Elizabeth, was chosen by the present Emperor of Germany, as a fit consort for his nephew the Archduke Francis, son and heir of his brother the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the future head of the House of Austria.

This

This Princess was sent to Vienna, where she became a Roman Catholic, and was married to the young Archduke, just before the opening of the last campaign, in which her Royal Consort was obliged to take a share within a week after his marriage; so that he was forced to tear himself from the arms of his new bride, to encounter the perils and fatigues of war.

Thus the Duchess of Wirtemberg is likely to be the mother of two Empresses, who will owe their Imperial crowns to the liberal and unprejudiced education derived from the good sense of their provident parent.

Perhaps the greatness of the family of Wirtemberg may not stop here. Sultan Selim, son to the last, and nephew to the reigning Emperor of the Turks, is the presumptive heir to the vast dominions of the Turkish empire.

Should this young Prince break through the custom of the seraglio and take a wife; and should he make choice of one at the Court of Studgard, the Duchess has still an unmarried daughter, who would be an ornament to the empire of the Crescent, or to any other.

The religion of Mahomet could be no objection to the union. The counsels by which the Court of Studgard is governed, are founded in liberality. The crescent is not a less brilliant ornament to a crown than a cross.

A N E C D O T E.

THE Berkshire proverb, *That the Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still*, being frequently revived in the political conduct of our great men, the following little anecdote of that *conscientious* Vicar, comprising the original words of the proverb, may not be unacceptable to our readers

Bray is a village near *Maiden-head*, in Berkshire, and the ancient Vicar thereof, living under King Henry VIII. King Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was the first a *Papist*, then a *Protestant*, then a *Papist*, then a *Protestant* again ; he had seen some martyrs burnt two miles off, near Windsor, and found this fire *too hot* for his *tender temper*. This Vicar being taxed for being a *turncoat*, and an uncon-

unconstant CHANGLING, "No, (said he) that's your mistake, for I always kept my *principle*, which is, *To live and die the Vicar of Bray*. And no doubt there are some still of the same *saving* principles, who, though they cannot turn the *wind*, will turn their *mills*, and set them so, that whenever it blows, their grist will certainly be grinding.

ANECDOTE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM.

SIR William Wyndham, when a very young man, had been out one day at a stag hunt. In returning from the sport, he found several of the servants at his father's gate, standing round a fortune teller, who pretended, at least, to be deaf and dumb; and, for a small gratification, wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a bit of chalk, answers to such questions as the men and maids put to him by the same methods.

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As

As Sir Willaim rode by, the conjuror made signs that he was inclinable to tell his fortune, as well as the rest; and, in good humour, he would have complied, but not readily finding a question to ask, the conjuror took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back, with these words, very legible, 'Beware of a white horse.' Sir William smiled at the absurdity of the man, and thought no more of it for several years. But in 1690, being on his travels in Italy, and accidentally at Venice, as he was one day passing through St. Mark's Place in his calash, he observed a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. He desired his driver to stop, and they found it was occasioned by a mountebank, who also pretended to tell fortunes; conveying his several predictions to the people by means of a long, narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleasure, as occasion required. Among others, Sir William Wyndham held up a piece of money; upon which the soothsayer immediately directed the tube to his carriage, and said to him very distinctly in Italian, "Signior Inglese, caveteil blanco cavallo;" which in English is; "Mr. Englishman, beware of a white horse." Sir William immediately recollected what had been before told him, and took it for granted that the
British

British fortune-teller had made his way over to the continent, where he had made his speech; and was curious to know the truth of it. However, upon enquiry, he was assured that the present fellow had never been out of Italy; nor did he understand any language but his mother tongue. Sir William was surprized, and mentioned so whimsical a circumstance to several people. But in a short time this also went out of his head, like the former prediction of the same kind. We need inform few of our readers of the share which Sir William Wyndham had in the transactions of government, during the last four years of Queen Anne; in which a design to restore the son of James II. to that throne, which his father had so justly forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted; and on King George's arrival, punished, by forcing into banishment, or putting to prison, all the persons suspected to have entered into the combination; among the latter of these was Sir William Wyndham, who, in the year 1715, was committed prisoner to the Tower. Over the inner gate were the arms of Great Britain, in which there was now some alterations to be made in consequence of the succession of the House of Brunswick; and just as Sir William's chariot was passing through to carry him to prison, the painter was at work, adding the white horse, the arms of the Elector of Hanover.

It

It struck Sir William forcibly : he immediately recollected the two singular predictions, and mentioned them to the Lieutenant of the Tower, then in the chariot with him, and to almost every one who came to see him in his confinement ; and though not superstitious, he always spoke of it as a prophecy fully accomplished. But here he was mistaken (if there was any thing prophetic in it) for, many years after, being out a hunting, he had the misfortune of being thrown from his saddle in leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a white horse.

BON MOT OF DR. BROWN.

THE late celebrated Dr. Brown courted a lady for many years, though unsuccessful ; during which time it had been his custom to drink the lady's health before that of any other. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman, reminding him of it, said " Come, Doctor, drink the lady your toast." The Doctor replied, I have toasted her for many years, and I can't make her BROWN, so I'll toast her no longer."

ANEC.

ANECDOTE

OF

MR. WHITFIELD.

ABOUT thirty years ago, the famous Mr. George Whitfield used annually to visit the city of Edinburgh, and by his popular mode of preaching allured great multitudes, especially of the female sex, to attend his sermons. The great object of his discourses was to raise them to acts of beneficence ; and as he had instituted a charitable seminary in Georgia, at Carolina, he was strenuous in his exertions to induce his audience to be liberal in giving alms for the support of the helpless persons he had there collected together.

Among his constant hearers was one Mrs. D—, the wife of a brewer, in a small line of business, in the Grass-market, who had some difficulty to provide funds for carrying on his affairs without embarrassment. He had no time to attend the daily harangues of this ghostly orator ; nor was he much pleased with the time his wife spent on these occasions, and far less with the demands she
sometimes

sometimes made upon him for money to be given for charitable purposes. The diversity of opinion between the man and wife sometimes produced family discord; and while the lady thought that the divine was little less than an angel from heaven, the husband considered him as no better than a pickpocket, who, under false pretexes, induced simple people to give away to others what was necessary for the subsistence of their families; nor was he, when heated in the contest, and chagrined, at times, for what of money, at all scrupulous in expressing, without reserve, the opinion he entertained of this supposed saint.

The wife, who was of a warm disposition, though not destitute of sense, was much irritated at these reflections, and thinking they proceeded entirely from the worldly-mindedness of her husband, felt a strong inclination to indulge her propensity to benevolence by every means that should fall in her way. To get money from her husband avowedly for this purpose, she knew was impossible; but she resolved to take it, when she could find an opportunity.

While she was in this frame of mind, her husband, one morning, as he sat writing at his desk,
was

was suddenly called away, and intending to return in a very short time, he did not shut his desk. His wife thought this too favourable an opportunity to be omitted, and opening the shutter where she knew the money was, she found about twenty-five guineas, which the husband had provided to pay for some barley he had lately bought. From this she took ten pieces, and left every thing else as before; nor did the husband on his return, take any notice of it.

She was now very anxious to get this money properly disposed of, and with that view dressed herself in great haste. Having wrapped the pieces in a bit of paper, she took them in her hand to go out; but as she passed a mirror, she observed something about her head dress that required to be adjusted, and putting the money on a bureau under the mirror, she spent a little time in making the necessary adjustment; and recollecting that she had some necessary directions to give before she went out, she stepped hastily into the kitchen for that purpose without taking up the money.

Just at this nick of time the husband came into the room, and seeing something on the top of the bureau, he took it up to examine it, and

R

finding

finding it to be gold, he immediately conjectured what was the truth. Without saying a word, however, he took out the guineas, and put an equal number of halfpence in their stead. Having left the paper to appearance, as he found it, he went out again. The wife, upon hearing her husband go out of the room, was in great fear that he had discovered her treasure, and returned with great anxiety to search for it; but seeing it happily just as she had left it, she hastily snatched it up, without looking at it, and went directly to the lodgings of Mr. Whitfield to dispose of it.

When she arrived, she found him at home and a happy woman was she! Having introduced herself, by telling him how much she had been benefited by his pious instructions, &c. which he returned with ready politeness, she expressed her regret, that she had it not in her power to be as she could wish; but she hoped he would accept in good part the mite she could afford to offer him, on their account; and with many professions of a charitable disposition, and thanks for the happiness she had derived from attending his discourses, she put in his hands the money, and took her leave.

Ms.

Mr. Whitfield, in the mean time, putting the money in his pocket without looking at it, made proper acknowledgements to her, and waited on her to the door.

He was no sooner, however, alone, than he took it out to examine the contents, and finding it only copper, and comparing the sum, with the appearance of the person who gave it, he instantly imagined it must have been given with an intention to affront him; and with this prepossession on his mind, he hastily opened the door, and called the lady back. This summons she quickly obeyed. On her return, Mr. Whitfield, assuming a grave tone and stern manner, told her that he did not expect she could have the presumption to offer to affront him; and holding out the halfpence, asked what she could mean by offering him such a paltry trifle as that.

The lady, who was very certain she had put gold into that paper, and recollecting that she had often heard him called a cheat and impostor, immediately concluded that he himself had put the halfpence in place of the gold, and made use of this pretext to extort more from her; and fell upon him most cruelly, telling him she had often heard him called a swindler and a rascal, but till

now she had never believed it. She was certain she had given him ten guineas out of her hands, and now he pretended he had got only as many halfpence; nor did she leave him till she had given him a very full complement of abuse. She then went home as fast as she could; and had a much better opinion of her husband's discernment and sagacity ever afterwards.

He kept his secret, and till her dying day she made a good wife to him, nor did she ever again go after field preachers of any sort.

AN

AFFECTING INSTANCE

OF

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

WERE men convinced that their virtues, their vices, and consequently their happiness and misery depended on the manner in which they suffered the sensations of their hearts to

to regulate their actions, they would assiduously watch these tender emotions; and so far from employing them as chance directed, they would take the utmost care to render them conformable to the dictates of reason.

The instance I am going to relate, will be sufficient to shew that paternal affection will sometimes carry us to the greatest excess. Persons may boast of the tenderness of the pelican for its young; but we shall here see a father offer his life, nay more, his hopes of future happiness, to support his family. I do not pretend to excuse this excess of passion; I know it is highly criminal: but while we condemn the action, we must admire the motives.

It may also serve as a lesson to those unfeeling mortals, whose hearts are strangers to the tender pleadings of compassion, and from whose breasts the griping hand of interest has banished every sensation that has a tendency to render man a worthy member of society. Such persons, indeed, are unworthy to be joined with the bears and tigers; these savage inhabitants of the desert will not treat their own species with cruelty, nor endeavour to appropriate to themselves a superfluity which they cannot enjoy, and which is necessary

cessary to the subsistence of their neighbours. Every action, contrary to the dictates of humanity, should be laid before the public ; and the authors, unless they endeavour to repair the mischief, exposed to the contempt and scorn of the whole community.

In one of the obscure corners of London, lived an indigent, but honest mortal, with his wife and three children, who gained a mean subsistence by selling greens, which he purchased of a wealthy gardener in the neighbourhood, who had agreed to furnish him with what he wanted, on his promising to pay him for them every week.

This agreement was for some time literally complied with ; but at last the wife and eldest child falling sick, the unhappy man found it impossible to fulfill his promise, and at the same time procure the necessaries requisite for his afflicted family. By this means he owed his greedy creditor the enormous sum of two and forty shillings.

The rich gardener finding the poor man had not paid him the weekly sum as usual, flew to his house, and after having told him in a peremptory tone, that he would no longer supply him with greens, added, in the most imperious manner,

manner, that if he did not instantly pay his arrears, he would send him that moment to prison. The poor man pleaded for indulgence in the most pathetic terms, pointed to his wife and child, who lay in a very dangerous state, and begged he would be contented with half the sum due to him for the present, as he hoped to be then able to furnish his little shop, support his distressed family, and pay him the remainder in a reasonable time.

All the efforts he made, however, to soften the stony heart of his unrelenting creditor, were ineffectual; he insisted upon his paying the whole immediately, without shewing the least regard to the moving complaints of his fellow-creatures in the most trying situation. The poor man, finding all his solicitations fruitless, discharged the debt, and, by so doing, delivered up every shilling he was master of.

The inhuman creditor having received the money, left this unfortunate family, and instead of pitying, exulted over their misfortunes.

The poor man, as soon as he was alone, abandoned himself to the grief of his soul; and his despondency, while he reflected on the inevitable

vitableruin of his family, was changed to despair. He was at length, however, roused from the melancholy suggestions of his mind, by the voice of his wife, who begged him to bring her a little water, and to provide something for the children, who were crying for bread.

“ My dear children,” exclaimed he, “ your wants shall be supplied, but it will cost your poor father dear.” He knew that the parish was obliged to take care of distressed widows and orphans, and could think of no other method of preserving them from perishing, than by depriving her of a husband and them of a father. Full of his terrible design, he retired to a small closet in which he used to keep his herbs, determining to put it immediately in execution. The thoughts of a future state stopped him for some moments, but when he considered that he could not by any other means save his family, he addressed himself to his Maker, beseeching him not to impute that to him as a crime, which he was under a necessity of performing, in order to preserve the lives of his innocent wife and children. He then placed about his neck the fatal cord, and had soon plunged himself into eternity, had not a woman who lived in an adjoining apartment

ment heard the blows he gave the partition with his feet, during his struggles for life.

She was at breakfast, and thinking that her sick fellow lodger stood very much in need of her assistance, ran with a knife in her hand, and entering the closet cut down the unhappy wretch, who had probably only a few minutes to live. Her cries brought the sick woman and a neighbouring surgeon to her assistance, by which means the unfortunate man was recovered.

This remarkable action soon spread over the neighbourhood, and happily reached the ears of a person of distinction, remarkable for humanity, who ordered him to be brought to his house. After having placed the enormity of his criminal action in the most striking point of view, he gave him money sufficient to furnish a shop, and to provide necessaries for his family, ordering him at the same time to apply to him whenever he was again reduced to distress.

The poor man overflowing with gratitude, gave his Lordship a faithful account of the whole transaction, and described the dreadful situation he was in, upon seeing his children on the brink

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of perishing with hunger, in so affecting a manner, that his generous benefactor could not refrain from tears.

How different must the conduct of the cruel gardener and this humane nobleman appear to the unprejudiced eye of every reader of this narrative! The former excites our contempt and our abhorrence; the latter engages our warmest wishes for his happiness. Surely, the very wretches themselves who have no regard for any thing but their own interest, cannot help applauding this generous procedure, though their sordid souls will not permit them to give assistance to the needy, and to wipe away the tears of affliction from the brow of indigence.

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OF

PETER THE GREAT.

PETER the Great caused many foreign books to be translated into the Russian language, and among others, "Puffendorff's Introduction to the Knowledge of the States of Europe." A
monk

monk to whom the translation of this book was committed, presented it some time after to the Emperor, who, turning over the leaves, changed countenance at one particular chapter, and turning to the monk with an indignant air: "Fool," said he, "what did I order thee to do? Is this a translation?" Then referring to the original, he shewed him a paragraph, in which the author had spoken with great asperity of the Russians, and which the translator had omitted. "Go instantly," said he, "and execute my orders rigidly. It is not to flatter my subjects, that I have this book translated and printed, but to instruct and reform them."

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's scene,

Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
 How many sleep who kept the world awake
 With lustre, and with noise! Has death proclaim'd
 A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
 'Tis brandish'd still, nor shall the present year

Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought ;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality ;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments, but Deaths
Turn'd flatt'ers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone ?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

Profest diversions ! cannot these escape ?
Far from it : these present us with a shroud,
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for buried wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime ; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement : how like gods
We sit ; and wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die ;
Their fate deploring to forget our own !

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives
But legacies in blossom ? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interred beneath ; a rich manure !

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Like other worms, we banquet on the dead ;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate ?

Lorenzo, such the glories of the world !
What is the world itself ? Thy world—a grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive ?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors ;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastations we blind revels keep ;
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel.

BON MOT OF LOUIS XV.

ON the death of Cardinal Fleury, the Royal Academicians wished that Voltaire might succeed him as a member of that society. The ancient Bishop of Mirepoix opposed Voltaire, under a pretence that it would be an offence to God, should a profane person, like him, succeed a Cardinal.

Mirepoix

Mirepoix was a dull bigot, and Voltaire took all opportunities to laugh at his absurdities. The Bishop usually signed his letters *Anc. Eveque*, &c. Voltaire always read Ane, or Afs, for Anciene, or ancient, and this joke passed from Paris to his correspondents in the courts abroad.

Mirepoix soon heard of his nickname, and complained bitterly to the King that he was laughed at for a fool in foreign courts. "Oh!" said Louis, "that is a matter quite settled, and you must let it pass, my Lord."

ON THE DANGER OF PLEASURE.

ADERVISE entered the shop of a confectioner; the master to regale the holy man, presented him with a bowl of honey; but scarce had he uncovered it, when a legion of flies made a descent upon it. The confectioner took up a fan to disperse them, when such as had posted themselves on the edge of the bowl easily escaped,
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but those who, more greedy, had precipitated themselves into the middle, caught by the tenacious honey, could not take flight. The Dervise, plunged into deep meditation, viewed this with an attentive eye : recovering from his reverie, he fetched a deep sigh, which the confectioner, in surprize, asked the reason of.

This bowl, said the Dervise, is the world, and these flies are its inhabitants : they that lodge on the rim of it, resemble prudent persons, who, prescribing bounds to their desires, do not madly immerse themselves in pleasures, but rest content with tasting them. The flies that rushed into the middle of the bowl, represent such as giving a loose to their inordinate appetites, abandon themselves without restraint to every species of voluptuousness.

When the angel of death, traversing with rapid motion the surface of the earth, shall shake his wings, they who have stopped on the edge of this world will, free and unincumbered, take their flight towards a celestial country ; but such as, enslaved by their passions, shall have plunged themselves into the poisoned bowl of sensuality, will sink deeper still, and be precipitated into the abyss.

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A MOST egregious fop ordered his servant not to suffer any body to intrude upon him, because he was going to *Adonize* himself. A lady called shortly after this injunction, and enquired of the servant for his master. "Madam," said he, "you cannot see my master."—"But I must, I have very particular business with him," returned the lady; "pray why can't I see him?"—"Because," replied the valet, "he is but this moment gone up to *Idolize* himself."

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

ALCANOR was the son of a London merchant, bred up to the business of his father, to which he succeeded in his early youth; and, in a little time, distinguished himself, not only by his knowledge in trade, but also by his probity of heart, and generosity of sentiment. Nor was he deficient in personal accomplishments: his figure was remarkably agreeable: his address was engaging

gaging ; and no pains had been spared in giving him the advantage of a genteel education.

He was in a fair way of acquiring a very large fortune, when he first beheld, at a public assembly, the elegant and amiable Eudofia, daughter of an eminent trader, to whom his circumstances were well known. He was deeply struck with her external appearance ; and, having found means to insinuate himself into her acquaintance, discovered a thousand charms in her understanding and disposition, which at once compleated the conquest of his heart. It was not long before he disclosed his passion to the dear object, and had the ravishing pleasure to find he had inspired her with very favourable sentiments of his character.

After some time spent in the endearing effusions of mutual love, he applied to the father, and made a formal demand of her in marriage. His proposal met with a very cordial reception ; and Alcanor was admitted into the family on the footing of a future son-in-law.

The day was already appointed for the marriage, after all the articles of interest had been settled to the satisfaction of both parties ; when, by the sudden failure of foreign correspondents,

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at the close of the last war, Alcanor was obliged to stop payment.

He communicated his distress to Eudofia's father, and produced his books, by which it appeared that his effects were more than sufficient to discharge his debts; though they were so scattered, that he could not call them in time enough to support his credit.

The merchant said he was sorry for his misfortune, but made no offer of his assistance: on the contrary, he told him bluntly, that he could not expect he would bestow his daughter on a bankrupt, and forbade him the house. The reader may conceive what an effect this treatment had upon an ingenuous mind, endued with an extraordinary share of sensibility. He retired to his own house, bursting with grief and indignation.

The generous Eudofia, being apprized of what had passed between her father and her lover, seized the first opportunity of writing a letter to Alcanor, lamenting his misfortune in the most pathetic terms; assuring him of her inviolable attachment, and offering to give a convincing proof of her love by a clandestine marriage.

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He made due acknowledgement to his amiable mistress for this mark of her disinterested affection; but absolutely refused to comply with a proposal that might ruin her fortune, endanger her happiness, and subject him to the imputation of being sordid and selfish. He made haste to settle his accounts, and satisfy his creditors. Then he wrote a letter to Eudofia, releasing her from all engagements in his favour, and exhorting her to forget that ever such a person existed.

Immediately after this address, he disappeared, and no person could tell in what manner: people, in general, supposed he had made away with himself in despair. Eudofia was overwhelmed with the most poignant sorrow, which entailed upon her a lingering distemper, that brought her to the brink of the grave. Though nature triumphed over the disease, it was not in the power of time to remove her grief, which settled in a fixed melancholy, that clouded all her charms, and made a deep impression on her father's heart.

Her only brother dying of a consumption, she became the sole heiress of a considerable fortune; and many advantageous matches were proposed without effect. At length she plainly told her

father, that he had once made her miserable, and it was not now in his power to make her happy ; for she had made a solemn vow to heaven, that she would never join her fate to any other man, but him on whom he had allowed her to bestow her affection.

The merchant was thunderstruck at this declaration ; he saw himself deprived by his own cruel avarice of that happiness with which he had flattered himself with the hope of enjoying in a rising generation of his own posterity : he became pensive and sullen ; lost his senses ; and in a few months expired.

Eudofia purchased a retired house in the country, where she gave a full scope to her sorrow, while she lived the life of a saint, and spent the best part of her time as well as her fortune, in the exercise of charity and benevolence : witness the sighs that are still uttered by all that knew her, when her name is pronounced : witness the tears of the widow and the fatherless, that are daily shed upon her tomb.

Alcanor, desperate in his fortune and his love, took a passage in a Spanish ship for Cadiz, under the

the name of Benson ; and, as he understood the languages, as well as the management of accounts, he was admitted, as an inferior factor, on board of the Flota bound for South America. He settled at La Vera Crus ; and fortune so prospered his endeavours, that in a few years he was master of forty thousand pistoles. But neither prosperity, nor the universal esteem he had acquired among the Spaniards for his worth and integrity, could sooth the anguish of his heart, or efface the remembrance of Eudofia, whose charms still dwelt upon his imagination.

At length, impatient of living so long in ignorance of her situation, he remitted his effects to Europe, returned to Cadiz, and there in a British bottom took shipping for England. At the Race of Portland, the ship was attacked by a paultry French privateer, and Alcanor had the misfortune to receive a shot in the neck, which appeared very dangerous. After the privateer had sheered off ; he desired he might be put a shore at the nearest land, as there was no surgeon on board, and the boat immediately conveyed him and part of his baggage into a creek, within half a mile of Eudofia's dwelling. He was obliged to take up his lodging at a wretched publick house, and dispatched an expers to the next town for a surgeon ;

geon; but before he arrived, the unfortunate Alcanor had lost his eye-sight in consequence of his wound, and his fever was considerably increased.

The humane Eudofia, being made acquainted with the circumstances of his distress, without dreaming it was her beloved Alcanor, desired a worthy clergyman, who was Rector of the parish, to take her chariot, and to bring the wounded gentleman to her house, where he might be properly attended and accommodated,

Thither he was carried accordingly, and there first visited by the surgeon; who, after having dressed the wound, declared he had no hopes of his recovery. He heard this sentence without emotion, and desired he might have the opportunity to thank the lady of the house for the charitable compassion she had manifested towards a stranger in distress.

The tender hearted Eudofia, being informed of his request, immediately visited him in his apartment, accompanied by the clergyman, and a female relation who lived with her as her companion. Approaching his bedside, she condoled with him on his misfortune, begged he would
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think himself at home, and command every thing in her house as freely as if it were his own.

He no sooner heard her voice than he started ; and, raising himself in his bed, rolled his eyes around as if in quest of some favourite object. His ear was more faithful than his memory : he remembered and was affected by the strain, though he could not recollect the ideas to which it had been annexed. After some pause, he exclaimed, " Excellent lady ! I could wish to live, in order to express my gratitude ; but it will not be—you have given shelter to a poor wearied pilgrim, and your charity must be still farther extended in seeing his body committed to the dust. I have, moreover, another favour to ask ; namely, that you and this good clergyman will attest my last will, which is locked in a paper case deposited in my portmanteau. So saying, he delivered the key to the doctor, who opened the trunk, found the paper, and was desired to recite it aloud in the hearing of all present.

The will was written by the hand of Alcanor himself : who, in consideration of his tender affection for the incomparable Eudofia, which nothing but death could erase from his heart, had bequeathed to her all his worldly substance, exclusive
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of some charitable legacies. When the name of Alcanor was pronounced, Eudofia started, grew pale, and trembled with strong emotion : yet she considered his situation, and restrained her transports, while her eyes poured forth a torrent of tears, and the chair shook under her with the violence of her agony.

The humane clergyman was not unmoved at this scene. He had often heard the story of her unfortunate love, and by his sensible consolations enabled her to bear her affliction with temper and resignation. He no sooner perceived the name of Alcanor and Eudofia in the will, than he was seized with extreme wonder, and sympathizing sorrow. His voice faltered ; the tears ran down his cheeks ; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he read the paper to the end. Then observing the agitation of Eudofia, he conducted her into another room ; where, her grief and surprize becoming too strong for her constitution, she fainted away in the arms of her companion. When she recovered from this swoon, she gave vent to her sorrow in a loud passion of tears and exclamation : after which she became more calm, and begged the doctor would endeavour to prepare Alcanor for an interview with his long lost Eudofia. He forthwith returned to
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the merchant ; but was in too much confusion to communicate the discovery with discretion and composure.

Alcanor, though blind, had perceived the lady's agitation, as well as the clergyman's disorder, and was not a little surprized at their abrupt departure. His mind had already formed an assemblage of the most interesting ideas before the doctor returned ; and when he began to expatiate on the mysterious ways of Providence, he was interrupted by the stranger, who raising his head, and clasping his hands, exclaimed aloud—' O bountiful heaven, it must—it must be the incomparable Eudofia !' At that instant, she entered the apartments, kneeling by the bedside, and taking him by the hand—' It is,' cried she, ' the unfortunate Eudofia—O my Alcanor, is it thus we meet !' A long silence ensued, during which he bathed her hand with his tears. At length he spoke to this effect:

' These are not tears of sorrow, but of joy. Eudofia then lives ! she remembers, she retains her regard for her hapless Alcanor !—It was indeed the kind hand of Providence that threw me on this hospitable shore. Could I once more behold those dear features, which I have so often

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contemplated with admiration and delight!—but I am satisfied.'

The sequel of this affecting scene I cannot pretend to describe. Alcanor's wound at the next dressing had the appearance of a beginning gangrene; nevertheless, the ball, which had been lodged among the nerves and sinews of the neck, was now with ease extracted, and his eyesight was immediately restored. Having settled his temporal affairs and made his peace with Heaven, he on the fourth day expired in the arms of Eudofia, who was the sole and last object on which his eyes were strained.

She did not long survive her unfortunate lover: her grief at length exhausted her constitution, and brought her to the grave, after she had endowed alm-houses for the maintenance of twenty poor cripples, bequeathed a handsome fortune to her kinswoman, a considerable present to the clergyman, and a large sum to the poor of the parish. At her own desire she was buried in the same grave with her lover, and over them is raised a plain unembellished tomb of black marble, with this modest inscription—'Dedicated to the memory of Alcanor and Eudofia.'

THE

THE CORNISH CURATE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TO pourtray one's own life with impartiality, and to lay open with candour the movements of the heart ; to dare to confess its foibles, and by the test of justice to try its merits ; is perhaps as difficult a task as can be well conceived : but, actuated by a regard for the happiness of those who have not yet determined on their future course of life, and hoping that my story may serve either to direct or to deter, I venture to lay it before the public,

I was born in a distant county, in a remote corner of the kingdom. My parents were above indigence, and their honour above imputation.

A family pride, which had been handed down through a succession of generations, prevented them from stooping to the drudgery of trade ; while their hereditary estate, being insufficient to secure a genteel independence to themselves, was of course too limited to enable them to provide for the contingency of a numerous offspring.

I was the third son, and of course had but little to expect. My father early intended me for the church, and I was placed under an approved master, at a celebrated grammar school. My diligence, let me say it, since I can without vanity make the assertion, soon procured me the goodwill of my master; and the meekness of my disposition, the favour of my schoolfellows, of whom I was in a few years considered as the chief, and on every public occasion selected by my master, to prove his own diligence, and display my acquisitions. In seven years I finished my career of classical education, and left the good old gentleman with tears of filial affection; who heightened my feelings by the sympathetic regard which was conspicuous in his own looks.

And here, I cannot forbear fondly indulging my fancy with a retrospective view of those happy days, those years of unmingled felicity, when care has not planted her sting in the human breast, or thought launched out into the scenes of future action, where misery so often dashes the cup of life with her bitter draught!

There are, I believe, but few persons, however happy they may have been in their progress through life, who have not made the same reflections; and
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recurred with pleasure to those cloudless hours, when the task, or the dread of correction, were the worst ills that could befall them : when the joys of the heart were pure and unalloyed, the tear soon forgot ; and the mind indifferent to what events might occur. If the fortunate have made these reflections, well may I, who have journeyed on one dreary road since I first entered the path of life, and scarcely have known those intervals of bliss, which the mendicant himself is not forbidden to taste !

From the grammar school I was removed to the University of Oxford, and entered on the foundation of Exeter College. The same diligent application which had marked my former studies, soon rendered me conspicuous in the University ; and I was complimented on every occasion, as a youth of uncommon genius, and unwearied assiduity. My heart began to be elated with the applauses which were so lavishly bestowed upon me ; I was animated to yet farther exertions of application : and, in four years, took my Batchelor's degree, with an eclat which has seldom distinguished a less diligent scholar.

I soon became the object of universal admiration in the University ; my future greatness was prognosticated

ticated in the most flattering terms, as one who would be an honour to literature, and a luminary in the Church; but these compliments, however soothing to the youthful bosom, only operated to distress me. The less assiduous could not endure me to bear away the palm of genius on every public occasion; and the proud, the honoured, and the great, began to affect a supercilious contempt in my presence, which I am confident was neither sanctioned by their situations, nor deserved by my conduct; but, as our harmonious Pope says—

“ Envy will merit as its shade pursue ;

“ And, like a shadow, proves the substance true.”

The charms of science, and the maxims of philosophy, could neither inspire me with fortitude, nor lull my sensibility. Too partial, perhaps, to my own merit, I was impatient of the slightest appearance of disrespect; and my feelings were, about this time, put to a more severe trial, by the death of my father, after so short an illness, that I was prevented from receiving his last benediction.

This calamity more deeply affected me than all my subsequent misfortunes; it was the first I ever suffered, and the keen edge of delicate sensibility

fibility had not yet been blunted by a frequent repetition of misery. I resigned myself into the arms of melancholy; and secluding myself from the impertinent or affected condolers of my loss, indulged that exquisite kind of sorrow which shuns the obtrusion of the world.

By my father's will I found myself entitled to five hundred pounds, which was all I had to combat the world, and establish myself in life; but, had I been rendered by my patrimony what the prudent call perfectly easy, my grief would not have been less poignant, nor my feelings less acute.

As my finances would no longer decently support me at College, and my affliction for the loss of a beloved parent stifled every throb of ambition, and forbade me to launch into a more active course of life, I embraced the first opportunity of an ordination, at once to seclude myself from secular employments, and to gratify my sedentary and studious disposition.

To engage in the most sacred of all offices, without a more laudable view, may be excused in the eyes of an unthinking world, but must certainly render a man highly culpable in the sight
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of heaven: and, though I am not conscious of ever disgracing my profession, except my poverty and misfortunes may be thought to have degraded it, I have often reflected with shame that I was not influenced by worthier motives.

Having assumed the sacred habit, I set out for my native place, with a pain and reluctance I had never before experienced. I reflected, that I was now not only bidding adieu for ever to the seats of the Muses, and leaving behind me some valuable friends, to whom I was attached by a familiarity of studies; but had likewise the melancholy consideration to support, that I had no longer a father to receive me in his longing arms, or a faithful friend to guard me from the deceptions of the world.

At the sight of my native mansion, the tears gushed involuntarily from my eyes; I was overcome with contending passions; and could scarcely support myself into the room where my relations were ready to receive me, before I fell listless on the floor, and enjoyed a temporary suspension of thought, and a consequent relaxation from misery.

On recovering, I found the whole family anxiously attentive to my welfare: and my mother, from her apprehensions for me, was in a state little better than that from which I was restored. She, however, soon regained strength to bless God that I was safe, and that she had lived to see me in holy orders.

Regardless of securing any little advantage that might have accrued to me from my acceptance of a curacy, I continued some time with my mother and elder brother, prosecuting my theological studies with much application, and only allowing proper intervals for exercise or company. Time, the grand restorer, assisted by those doctrines of christianity which are peculiarly comforting to the afflicted, brought me by degrees to a necessary composure of mind.

I gradually regained my wonted serenity; and was ardently looking forward to my future destination, when a fresh accident plunged me into the depths of misery, and not only taught me to despair of finding friendship in a heart where the maxims of virtue are not inherent; but convinced me that the ties of blood may be burst asunder at the instigation of passion, and a brother with

less reluctance sacrificed than a sensual appetite abandoned.

To alleviate the grief occasioned by a beloved partner's loss, my mother had requested the company of a young lady, named Olivia, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. She had often visited in our family ; and, being nearly of my age, was my constant companion in every childish pursuit : but the impression on the breast of infancy is evanescent as the morning dew, or the bloom of the rose.

Her remembrance had been almost effaced from my mind ; and during the time which we had recently spent together, I had not felt a single emotion in her favour, nor treated her with more attention than the fair, the lovely, and the young, have always a right to expect from the manly and polished heart.

It being now the vernal season, I happened, one fine serene evening to rove with a book in my hand, to a considerable distance from home ; till finding the shades of night suddenly surrounding me, I hastened to return. My nearest way was through tangled woods and unfrequented paths,

paths, and to this I gave the preference ; but before I proceeded far, a female voice resounded from a neighbouring copse.

Shrieks, entreaties, and prayers, which became more languid as I approached, seemed to be poured out in vain, and the voice died away in broken murmurs.

With all the expedition that humanity could inspire, I flew towards the place : but, judge my surprize and sensations, when I beheld Olivia struggling in my brother's arms, and seemingly overcome by her exertions ! At the sight of such an unwelcome intruder, my brother seemed confounded with shame ; he instantly forsook his lovely prize ; and, with eyes darting indignation, quitted the spot without uttering a single word.

Wounded to the soul with his baseness, and melted by the piteous situation of the lovely object who laid stretched on the earth in a state of insensibility, I was scarcely master of myself. However, I soon summoned a sufficient degree of reason to attempt her revival ; and I had the happiness to find that my exertions were not in vain.

As she opened her fine blue eyes, and looked me full in the face, I felt an emotion which I had never before experienced. She started back at the sight of such an unexpected deliverer ; and, notwithstanding my utmost endeavours, relapsed into the same melancholy state.

At length I again found means to restore her ; when bursting into a flood of tears, " Eugenius," says she, " may every blessing attend your life ! May heaven shower its choicest favours on your head ! and may some lovely and fortunate fair reward your virtue for preserving mine !"

" My dearest Olivia !" exclaimed I, with all the enthusiasm of love, " the hand of heaven seems conspicuous in this deliverance ; and if I may presume to express the wish that lies nearest my heart, may the same power make me the everlasting guardian of that virtue which I have been so miraculously enabled to save !"

" My deliverer," sweetly returned the ingenious fair, " is entitled to every acknowledgment I can make ; conduct me to my father, and lodge under his sheltering roof the child who is at his disposal,"

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With this requisition I immediately complied ; and as we agreed that it would be prudent to conceal the rude assault of my brother, which the malevolent world might have represented as more fatal than it really was, we resolved to ascribe the lateness of our arrival to the fineness of the evening, and the charms of the season, which had tempted us to linger beyond our intended time. The apology was easily admitted ; and, as I was invited to stay, I eagerly embraced the offer, as well to pass more time in company of Olivia, as to recover sufficiently from my perturbation of mind before I met a guilty brother's eye.

Next morning I took leave of Olivia and her father ; and, during my walk, felt a dejection of spirits, and heaviness of heart, which could not have been exceeded, if I had been the perpetrator of villainy, and not the protector of innocence. The mind seems often prophetic of its own fate, and intuitively to foresee the storm that futurity is about to disclose.

I approached my brother with looks of indignation and pity ; but, before I could utter a single word, unlocking his bureau, " Receive," says he, " your patrimony, and immediately quit
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the house ! I disclaim for a brother the wretch who can frustrate my wishes merely to gratify his own, and this under the most detestable mask of sentimental hypocrisy."

Stung to the soul, I replied, " The power who sees the rectitude of my views, and by my means has defeated the villainy of yours, will abundantly provide for me ! I renounce an alliance with your ignominy, with the same pleasure as you disclaim me for a brother ; but let me caution you to beware, lest your passions precipitate you into irretrievable ruin."

With these words I rushed into my mother's apartment ; and, falling on my knees, besought her benediction, before the opportunity was for ever closed. Too well acquainted with what had passed, she bathed my face with her tears ; and bewailing her hapless situation, encouraged me to hope for a speedy reconciliation, bidding me rely on her unalterable love.

Alas ! she lived but a very short time to realize her wishes ; for, within three weeks, she fell a martyr to her grief, occasioned by the brutal insolence of my brother, in consequence of her partiality to me.

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An outcast from my family, and equally disqualified by the delicacy of my feelings, and the narrowness of my circumstances, from elbowing my way in the world, I scarcely knew which way to direct my steps. Love, however, which can illumine the darkest hours of life, prompted my return to Olivia, that I might tell her how much my misfortune attached to my heart. I revealed to the dear charmer my true situation, and concluded by asking her advice respecting my future conduct.

She immediately referred me to her father's superior experience; and I accordingly communicated to him my fixed resolution of engaging in a cure, without assigning the most distant reason for quitting my brother's house. In consequence of this communication, I had in a few days the happiness to be informed, that an old gentleman, the Rector of Crowan, a village near Falmouth, was in immediate want of a clerical assistant.

To him I presently applied, and without hesitation closed with his offer of allowing me twenty pounds a year; but this sum would barely find me in board, my patrimony began rapidly to decrease.

Olivia,

Olivia, I need scarcely say, in the mean time engaged all my thoughts. Our love was mutual and sincere ; and interest, that powerful incentive to modern contracts, was entirely overlooked by both, as her fortune was still inferior to mine. In a few months she consented to be irrevocably mine, and then I thought my felicity beyond the reach of fate.

From this pleasing delusion, however, I had the misfortune soon to be awakened ; for finding my income very inadequate to my expences, I began to shudder at the thoughts of involving a beloved wife in want and misery. These gloomy presages were too soon realized by the death of my aged patron ; an event which wholly deprived me of employment. This stroke was followed by the birth of a son ; which, though it ought to have taught me œconomy, and stimulated my exertions, only tended to lull my cares, and deaden my sense of want.

After vainly endeavouring to obtain another curacy, and being disappointed in my expectations of a small living by the machinations of my now abandoned brother, Olivia's father was attacked with a paralytic stroke, which compelled him to resign the care of his curacy to me. The whole

whole amount of his living did not exceed four-score pounds a year, and consequently little could be allowed for the maintenance of a curate. My Olivia was again pregnant; when I found that, exclusive of some trifling articles of furniture and books, I had scarcely one hundred pounds left: and, to add to my distress, a second paralytic stroke, and soon after a third, deprived me of a valuable friend; whose effects, when disposed of, and his debts discharged, produced only about threescore pounds for his daughter's portion.

Being now destitute of every friend, my brother remaining irreconcilably inveterate, and a native bashfulness of disposition, for which the world is not always candid enough to make proper allowances, having prevented me from extending my connections, or securing many friends, I was in such a distressful situation, that my mind began to sink beneath its burden, and to become weary of struggling with its fate.

The prospect, however, again brightened; and I obtained a very desirable curacy of thirty pounds a year, by the interest of a young Baronet, who had accidentally seen Olivia and her two infant children, and expressed the warmest desire to serve us. As a present proof of his
 Y friendship,

friendship, he applied to the Rector of his parish, of which he was himself patron, to accept my services instead of a young man, whom an unfortunate and ill-requited attachment had just hurried to an untimely grave.

To Padstow I immediately removed with my dearest Olivia, whose kind solicitude for me was the only consolation of my life; and who, far from blaming me for that anxiety which continually clouded my aspect, kindly sympathized in my grief, and endeavoured by the most endearing fondness to reconcile me to life.

Sir Thomas Smith, by whose interposition I had obtained my present establishment, likewise contributed all in his power to render my situation easy; continually loading the children with presents, and offering me the loan of any sum I might have occasion for. Of this last offer I too imprudently and fatally availed myself, by borrowing two hundred pounds.

To corroborate our good opinion of his generosity, he bade me make myself perfectly easy in my situation; for on the present incumbent's death, the living should be instantly mine. I thanked him with an ardour that mocked the expressions

expressions of form. But, alas! I had to deal with a man of the world; and found too soon that I had placed my dependence where I had nothing to hope, and poured forth my gratitude where my execrations only were due. This unprincipled young man was our constant visitor, and encouraged our extravagance merely that he might have an opportunity of supplying our wants. My Olivia was charmed with his condescension; and as virtue cannot readily suspect that artifice which it never practised, she congratulated me—she congratulated herself and children—on the advantages we were likely to derive from a friendship which neither of us could suppose to be interested. The contrary, however, soon appeared!

Olivia, whose beauty was rather improved than diminished, was invited to celebrate with me a Christmas festival at Sir Thomas's. A blameable politeness to my supposed friend easily induced me to drink more plentifully of the wine, with which his board was profusely covered, than my constitution could bear; and as I soon felt its effects, I was conveyed to bed in a state of ebriety and stupefaction.

On Olivia he likewise had the same shameful design; but, guarded by the laws of delicate propriety

propriety, she resisted his most earnest solicitations. However as he attached himself entirely to her, his parasites and dependents, who saw plainly that he had views upon her virtue, retired one after another, leaving Olivia and him alone together. Immediately on this he shut the door; and beseeching her attention for a few minutes to an affair which nearly concerned his happiness, he began to insult her with the most violent protestations of love; and swore that if she would not return his passion, he should never see another happy hour; adding, that she might command his fortune and his life, and that what he had already conferred was only a prelude of what he meant to do,

Awakened from her dream of happiness, she sprung up; and, animated with that courage which indignant virtue will ever feel when it comes in contrast with vice, she dared him again to wound her ears with his unhallowed vows; protesting that his conduct should be made known to an injured husband, who would severely make him repent of his temerity.

With all the insolence of conscious superiority, he then opened the door; and with a smile of contempt, informed her, that since she refused his friendship, his fortune, and his love, she should feel the effects of his resentment. These

These threats, it is evident the base villain must have prepared to put in execution previous to his diabolical invitation ; for, before I descended next morning to breakfast, I was arrested at his suit on my note for two hundred pounds, which I had pressed him to accept on his lending me that sum ; and as it was not in my power to satisfy one half of the demand, I was hurried away to prison. My prospects were now entirely blasted. Want, ignominy, and disgrace, presented themselves to my view, in the most hideous aspects ; and I could have laid down my life without a sigh, had not a faithful and affectionate wife, with two infant children, bound me to them with ties of indissoluble regard. My confinement I was truly sensible could only add to their misery ; yet the most unfortunate cannot without reluctance let go those attachments which are so firmly rooted in the soul, or bid farewell to mortality with stoical apathy.

But, O God ! my heart bleeds afresh at the recollection of the scene I am now going to describe—My Olivia, unable to support her separation from me, requested leave to make my room her habitation. The fatal request was granted. For a few days I was surrounded by my wife and children ; they cheered the prison gloom—But,
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can I proceed ! I was soon deprived of these comforts for ever ! In three short weeks after my commitment, they were carried off by an epidemical fever ; and these eyes, which never beheld the misery of a stranger without bestowing the alms of pity's tears, were doomed to behold a wife and two innocents press the same untimely bier.

The pathos of language is too weak to express my sensations ; I became delirious, and my own hands had nearly perpetrated a deed which my soul abhors—for now I had no more to lose ! And, gracious heaven ! if at that trying juncture I arraigned thy justice, forgive me ! for affliction laid its iron hand too heavy upon me.

By degrees I fell into a settled despondency ; and, since I entered this miserable room, four years have rolled away their melancholy hours, in which I have hardly beheld the face of a friend, or been soothed by the voice of a relation. The machinations of my unnatural brother, who leagued with Sir Thomas on account of his cruelty to me, have prevented me from obtaining my release, and seemed to have shut the gates of mercy on my fate. My only expectation of deliverance is by the hand of death, for whose
speedy

speedy approach my prayers are continually offered up. When that happy period arrives, my soul shall soar above its enemies; and, leaving resentment entirely behind, shall taste that fruition for which my misfortunes here will give it the higher relish.

From my melancholy tale, which I have ardently desired to publish before its authenticity could be disputed, let the sons of pleasure learn to reflect, while they roll in the abundance of riches, and enjoy the completion of every wish, that there are many wretches like me, whom their licentiousness ruins, and whom their benevolence might save! Let those whom the charms of science allure to ascend the summit of fame, timely consider that learning is not always the path to preferment, and that silent merit may sink unnoticed to the grave!

From my fate, too, the defects of our boasted establishment in church and state may be evidently traced; and the great be brought to allow, that some regard ought to be paid to the virtuous and to the modest in every sphere of life, and that the road to honours and emoluments should not always be through the gate of superior address and unblushing assurance.

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We cannot conclude this pathetic tale, without feeling for the state of the inferior clergy of this country, as the unfortunate relater, with a pittance not any way equal to a mechanic or labourer, had a character, a situation in life to maintain; and also a beloved wife and family. Distresses too poignant hurried them untimely to the grave.

On an occasion, pitiable like this, of which there are too many in this kingdom, how much would it be to the general good, if a plan was adopted for a more equal distribution between the incumbent and the man who does the duty. From education and his companions at college, he is taught, nay raised to elevated thoughts, yet how painful must his situation be, that while he labours for the advantage of a future state, he is reduced to the greatest distress for a maintenance, and cannot, from his income either support the character of the scholar or the gentleman.

ANEC

ANECDOTE

OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE late Doctor Stukely, one day by appointment, paid a visit to Sir Isaac Newton. The servant said he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but, as it was near his dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. In a short time a boiled chicken under a cover was brought in for dinner. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The Doctor then ate the fowl; and covering up the empty dish, desired the servant to get another dressed for his master. Before that was ready, the great man came down. He apologized for his delay; and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service. I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and, without emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile, "See," he says, "what we studious people are! I forgot that I had dined."

ANEC-

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A N E C D O T E.

THE Count de Soysons was seated at play one evening, when happening to cast his eye up at a looking glass that was before him in the apartment, he saw a man at the back of his chair, whose physiognomy predicted nothing in its owner's favour, and gave the Count suspicion. He had reason for his mistrust; for he had not sat long before he felt the diamond loop of his hat cut away. He took no notice, but pretended a necessity to go down stairs, and desired the thief to play his cards in the mean time, which he could not refuse.

The Count immediately descended into the kitchen, and got a large and sharp carving knife; and then going softly behind the fellow, dexterously took him by the ear, and cut it off; and holding it out to him, said, "Return me my diamond loop, Sir, and I'll return you your ear."

ANECDOTE

OF THE FAMOUS

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

THE general character of this Nobleman, who is equally celebrated for his bravery and his parts, is well known. He wrote those exquisitely neat and elegant lines in Pope's and Swift's Miscellany, beginning with, "I laid to my heart between sleeping and waking."—Four Letters in Pope's Collection, and a few other things of small account, mentioned in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, who knew him very well, used to relate the following singular anecdote of him, which she had from his own mouth.

Lord Peterborough, when a young man, and about the time of the Revolution, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds. She had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-Cross, and intreated him to get it

for her. The owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it ; and getting one of the same colour, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, he went to the house. The mistress of it usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access. Contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose ; and upon her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the house, to avoid suspicion ; but forbore saying any thing of the bird, till about two years after, when taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman, " I would have bought that bird of you, and you refused my money for it ; I dare say you are by this time sorry for it." " Indeed, Sir," answered the woman, " I am not ; nor would I take any sum for him ; for, would you believe it ? from the time that our good King was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note !"

A

HUMOROUS ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE DUKE OF ———.

THE Duke of ———, going one morning to call on Mr. G——, his lawyer, who had chambers in the Temple, found him under the hands of his barber. Throwing himself, therefore, into a chair, he took up a pamphlet, which lay on the table before him, and amused himself with skimming the pages of it till Hone had finished his operation upon Mr. G——'s face. The Duke, then, having laid down the pamphlet, and stroked his chin, started up and said to Hone, "Come, friend, get your things ready to shave me." He, accordingly, obeyed the Duke with alacrity (being no stranger to his grace's person), and shaved him to his satisfaction. The Duke, then having wiped his face, and replaced his wig before the glass, put his hand into his pocket; but drawing it out again hastily, expressed no small uneasiness because he had no money to pay for the removal of his beard.

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“O, and please your grace,” said Hone, fimp-
pering, “it is no matter, your grace is very wel-
come.” “Yes, but it is though,” replied the
Duke, “I hate to be in debt—therefore come—
sit down in that chair, and I will shave you, and
then we shall be even,” (winking at the same time
to Mr. G——.) Hone looked rather foolish,
and made some awkward speeches; but they were
of no service to him. The Duke was peremptory,
so down he sat.

The Duke went to work with much mock so-
lemnity; and having scarified the poor fellow’s
face in such a manner as to make him a frightful
figure, cried, “There, friend, now I am out of
debt,” and ran down stairs laughing ready to burst
his sides. However, not being an ill-natured,
though a very whimsical man, he clapped a
piece of money into Hone’s hand before he left
the room, which would, he imagined, make suf-
ficient amends for any disquietude he might feel
from the temporary demolition of his beauty.
Hone was fair and broad-visaged, and made a
comely appearance; but he was a coxcomb: the
Duke, therefore was, probably, urged by a desire
to mortify his vanity a little, by playing off a
stroke of waggery peculiar to himself.

ANECDOTE

OF A

QUACK DOCTOR.

A QUACK Doctor, who died possessed of some thousand pounds, at P——y M——l, in Monmouthshire, a very few years since, was one of the most innocent offenders in physic, and imposers on mankind, that ever practised the art of healing.

The reputation of this man's skill was such, that from every part of Wales, and many parts of England, he was visited by his patients: for, like the Mountain-Doctor in Switzerland, he never stirred from home! Directly opposite to the Doctor's habitation was a tolerable Welch inn, where the patients put up, and as the Doctor seldom was at leisure to be consulted till the day after their arrival, the host and hostess (arch people enough, and interested too in the Doctor's success) were pretty well acquainted with the disorder of the patients, and from what cause they arose: if, for instance, a good woman had *fallen down stairs*, the Doctor at first view knew she had been *hurt by a fall*; and

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as people are always willing to give a full and particular account of what *ails* them, and all *how and about it*, the Doctor was seldom at a loss to *guess at their disorder*, and never at any to administer the remedy.

Many of his patients made long journies : and no doubt but exercise, change of air, and the confident assurances of a perfect cure, often had good effects : but as we are all *mortal*, (as the old woman said, when a parcel of rogues were passing by her to the gallows), the Doctor himself, in the prime of life, and height of practice, was taken ill, and died in a few days ; and though the writer of this had never taken any of his physic, he had often admired the neatness of his shop ; all the drawers (for it was a bottleless shop) were nicely painted, and the medicinal contents announced in alphabetical order. After his death, he had the curiosity to visit this magazine of *animal magnetism*, where to his great surprize, and much to the honour of the departed *Æsculapius*, he found only two drawers that were *openable*, one of which contained a large quantity of cream of tartar ; the other, then empty, was his money-drawer ; and it appeared that all his patients were furnished from the same single drawer ; and that all his fortune had

had passed through the other. This man was, however, too good to do any harm. Cream of tartar could hurt none.

THE
REWARDS OF VIRTUE AND VICE.

A MORAL TALE.

IT has been often asserted, that virtue is its own reward, and that vice brings with it its own punishment; that it would be little short of folly to oppose an opinion which seems to have obtained the concurrent assent of all mankind.

Nor do we feel ourselves at all disposed to dispute a point of which we are so well inclined to be convinced, that we recite the following story, as a confirmation of the doctrine.

Delia Downton was the orphan daughter of a clergyman of character, preferment, and some fortune; and she was maternally allied to a family not less noble in blood, than in those virtues

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which dignify rank, and add lustre to distinction of birth and titles of honour.

She lost both her parents at a very early age; and the care of her person, as well as her fortune, which was about fifteen thousand pounds, devolved on her grandmother, on the side of her father; a venerable matron, whose unremitted attention left her darling ward little to regret in the loss of relatives she was unable to recollect; and whose endearments, could she have recalled them to her memory, could hardly have exceeded in tenderness those which she received from the most amiable and most affectionate of women.

Mrs. Downton had resided in the country till her grand-daughter arrived at the age when it is necessary she should acquire those accomplishments which are neither so easily or so happily attained under private tuition; where there is no competition to inspire emulation, nor any expectation of praise to excite a laudable ambition to excel.

At this time of her precious charge's life, (that is, when she had just entered her eleventh year), Mrs. Downton removed with her to Nottingham, where

where she could procure instructions in music, dancing, drawing, and the modern languages, not inferior to the best which could be obtained in the metropolis; and the good old lady enjoyed the pleasing satisfaction of watching the improvements of her grand-daughter, in a progress which kept pace with her warmest wishes and most sanguine expectation.

At eighteen, Miss Downton was equally celebrated for the beauty of her person and the cultivation of her mind, in the endowment of which nature had been so liberal, that good sense, prudence, affability, politeness, and good humour, were apparently native graces; and all the advantage she seemed to have derived from education, was its having called forth those virtues and perfections into action, which would have been obscured by the artless innocence of uninformed and unconscious modesty.

At an assembly, to which Mrs. Downton was a constant visitor, that her fair trust might be indulged in every proper amusement, and have opportunities of mixing with that rank of life in which her birth and fortune had placed her, she engaged the notice, and, as she was soon taught to believe, the affections of Mr. Arabin, an of-

ficer belonging to a regiment of dragoons, which had its quarters in that town and the neighbourhood; who, the very next day, waited on Mrs. Downton, and supporting his pretensions by a candid account of his fortune and family, intreated her permission to pay his addresses to her grand-daughter. And, as no objection could be made to the account he gave of himself, and the propriety of his conduct had in some degree recommended him to her esteem, she made no scruple to comply with his request, and added to this indulgence assurances of her best offices in his favour.

Nor was his suit to the fair Delia long preferred in vain. Mr. Arabin's person was pleasing, his manners engaging; he had lived with the world, and was what is commonly called a polite and accomplished man; though his understanding was of only the middle rate, and his knowledge of that superficial kind which is acquired without study by a pretty general converse with the higher classes of mankind. And as Delia's heart was wholly unengaged, and Mr. Arabin was the first who had seriously offered incense at the shrine of her beauty, she was soon prevailed on to acknowledge a preference for him; and though his fortune was rather inferior to her own, no difficulties arose on that account.

Mrs.

Mrs. Downton was generous, Delia disinterested; and the lover professedly above the paltry consideration of pecuniary advantages. With such sentiments on all sides, settlements were soon adjusted; and a union took place, in which every circumstance concurred to promise complete and lasting felicity.

But the views of mortals, at best short-sighted, and too often clouded by the mists of passion, prejudice, and impatient curiosity, extend not to the distant prospects of future events: too eager to hesitate, too opinionated to doubt, and too determined to be convinced, we rush blindly into situations replete with danger; and urged on by delusive hope, embrace the shadowy phantoms of untried expectation, on which, in the event, change their appearances, and exhibit the horrid spectres of disappointment, dissatisfaction, and disgust.

Such was the case with the unfortunate Mrs. Arabin: the gay, the smiling, the obsequious lover, was soon metamorphosed into the insipid, the dull, the morose husband; and all her dreams of connubial happiness vanished with the unsubstantial pleasures of the nuptial pageantry.

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And too late also did she discover that Mr. Arabin was, in all respects, a man of the world. Having quitted the army, and taken up his residence in the capital, the first three months were spent in arranging his establishment, and exhibiting his wife at public places: but the former was soon completed, and the latter became as quickly tiresome and unpleasing; and before six months were expired, one half of his time was engaged at the gambling-table, and the other in the pursuit of pleasures equally unlawful, injurious, and disgraceful.

To add to the disquietudes of the neglected fair at this critical period, she had the misfortune to lose the representative of her parents, her kind, her indulgent grandmother; and the mortification to be refused the solicited company of Mr. Arabin, in her journey to pay the last tribute of grateful affection to the honoured protectress of her infant years.

Yet she endeavoured, by assuming appearances of satisfaction, which were very far from her heart, to retain some portion of the regards of the man to whom she had devoted her life; and she cheerfully gave up by degrees all the power she possessed over her fortune: though she could not,
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without regret, remark the mouldering state of their circumstances ; nor help repining at being assured, that the sacrifices she made were offered up to vice, dissipation, and dishonour.

Nor did her husband long maintain even the appearances of civility ; every run of ill-luck produced a chagrin, which was sure to find vent upon his unfortunate wife ; and every disappointment in his more criminal pursuits, was the source of contempt and insult to the wretched partner of his bed.

As his circumstances grew more desperate, he proceeded to still greater outrages, nor did he refrain from laying violent hands on the innocent and amiable Delia, who, with exemplary patience, scarce remonstrated against this treatment ; and in the arguments which she sometimes offered, to dissuade him from the ruinous course of life in which he had engaged, carefully avoided even the most distant hints of the injuries he had heaped on herself.

As he never condescended to make her his confidant, she was a total stranger to the real state of his affairs ; though she knew, generally, that they were extremely embarrassed ; and as she

she had succeeded to the effects of her grandmother, which were by no means inconsiderable, she thought it prudent, when she surrendered them to her husband, to make a trifling reserve; as he was now so sparing of his purse to her, that she could hardly obtain enough from him to purchase the little necessities which could not be comprized in those tradesmen's bills, the payment of which she saw daily protracted; and with a view to prevent the necessity of those applications to Mr. Arabin, which always occasioned ill-humour, and not frequently ill-usage, she laid by three hundred pounds when she presented her husband with twice as many thousands.

After spending the night abroad, Mr. Arabin returned one morning, at a time rather unusual, and found his wife at breakfast in her dressing-room, into which he rudely entered, and without giving himself the trouble to speak to her, threw himself into a chair, and with wild and disordered looks, directed a servant to order a chaise for Newmarket.

Mrs. Arabin, who well knew, by his appearance, that he laboured under some pecuniary distress, and recollecting the sum she possessed,

feffed, was tempted to try how far a reasonable offer of it might rescue him from the anxiety under which he apparently laboured, and beget some return of gratitude and regard. With this view she arose from her seat; and approaching her husband, in her way to the cabinet where her treasure was deposited, she laid her hand on his, and kindly told him she was sorry to see him unhappy, and flattered herself she could contribute to his relief.

Rouzed from a state of sullen stupidity by this tender application, he started from his chair, and with the most brutal rage made a blow at the devoted Delia, with such violence and effect, as to lay her senseless and bleeding at his feet; and, leaving her in this wretched state, he rushed out of the house, informing the servant who opened the door to him, that his mistress was ill, and wanted the assistance of her maid.

As he verily believed he had dispatched his unfortunate wife, he thought it prudent to take shelter for a while on the continent; and having procured a small sum of money from one of the companions of his iniquity, he hastened to Dover, and embarked in a packet, which he found just ready to sail for Ostend, leaving injunctions

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with

with his friend to learn and communicate to him the consequences of his brutality.

But the event proved less fatal than might have been expected: the blow which deprived her of her senses occasioned no lasting injury; and the blood, which had excited such terrors in her husband, had flowed only from her nose and not from the wound which he naturally supposed he had inflicted. The unfortunate lady was soon recovered by the assiduity of her attendants, and she was shortly after informed of the flight of her husband, under the impressions of that fear which his guilt had naturally produced.

After this fresh proof that her life was in extreme danger, if she continued to cohabit with a ruffian, devoid even of the common principles of humanity, and a stranger to those sensations which create tenderness and respect for the female sex from the most savage nations of the world; she determined to retire from the house of her husband, and seek protection where she might avoid his farther persecution, by remaining unknown, and in a situation not to be discovered.

To this end she withdrew (without making any of her domestics acquainted with her design) to the

the house of a female friend, on whose fidelity she was sure she could rely ; who heartily entered into her plan of separating herself from her husband, and offered her advice and assistance in fixing on such measures as might place her beyond the reach of his brutality.

In consequence of these deliberations, it was resolved that the most likely way to elude the searches of her husband, and to provide that maintenance which her scanty provision would by no means furnish, would be to place herself as a companion to a lady in some respectable family ; a situation in which she would not incur the smallest risque of discovery.

The enquiries of her friend were successful, and a few days placed her in a station, for which she was only qualified by an accommodating mind, which enabled her to forget her birth, fortune, and early expectations, and submit to such a change of condition without a complaint or a murmur.

The ladies to whom she engaged herself were the sisters to the Earl of Cranmer : two amiable women, whose penetration soon discovered that there was some secret in the history of their new

companion, a discovery which excited an additional degree of that tenderness to which they were by disposition naturally inclined. Yet, though they were every day more strongly convinced that she was now placed in a sphere very inferior to that in which she had been accustomed to move, they forbore to perplex her with questions which they were aware would only prove troublesome ; and, with a delicacy peculiar to exalted minds, they strove, by the assiduities of kindness, to lessen the weight of misfortunes, into the nature of which they did not think themselves at liberty to enquire.

Nor did the appearance of this new inhabitant of his house escape the notice of the virtuous and elegant Earl of Cranmer. Disappointed by the authority of a stern father, in the gratification of his first passion, his heart had remained free from a second enthrallment ; and he had reached the age of thirty-two, without having been prevailed on, by the solicitations of his friends, to enter into engagements which might afford hopes of perpetuating a family, the honours of which would expire with himself.

But the still lovely Delia excited sensations in his mind to which he had long been a stranger ;
and

and the conversation which he enjoyed at those meals of which the indulgent ladies had constantly compelled her to partake at their own table, having assured him that he could find with her that happiness the loss of which he had so long lamented, he meditated the means of discovering the real name and condition of the fair inmate, and determined, if it should turn out as he expected, to offer her his hand and his heart,

Meantime, Mrs. Arabin was informed by her friend, that her husband had returned to England as soon as he was assured of his safety; but had expressed much less concern at the flight of his wife, than at the other consequences of his absence: advantage of which had been taken by his creditors, who he found in possession of his house and effects; but which proving insufficient to satisfy their demands, he had been arrested by one of them for one hundred and fifty pounds, and now remained imprisoned for that sum.

On the receipt of this intelligence, she hesitated not a moment to inclose, in an anonymous letter, written in a feigned hand, two-thirds of her little stock! earnestly exhorting him, as a friend who did not chuse to discover himself, to engage in some honourable employment, and to abandon
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those paths which led to certain destruction. But she had the mortification to learn that her advice proved unavailing ; and that after his release from confinement, he had pursued the same line of conduct, till some disgraceful and dishonourable transaction had compelled him to disappear : and that, for some time, his retreat had not been known even to his most particular friends.

Matters were in this situation, when on a journey from his house in town to his villa in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, Lord Cranmer's coach, which contained his sisters, Mrs. Arabin, and himself, was stopped by a single highwayman, during the absence of the only servant who attended it ; and the highwayman having presented his pistol to the bosom of one of the ladies, they were busily employed in collecting their money, when Mrs. Arabin, lifting her eyes to the invader of their property, gave a loud shriek, and instantly fainted.

At this moment the servant alarmed at the shriek, hastened to get up with the carriage ; which being observed by the robber, he withdrew his pistol from the coach, and discharged it unsuccessfully at the servant, who returned the fire, and lodged the contents of his pistol in the body of the unfortunate plunderer.

During

During this transaction, Mrs. Arabin had remained in a state of insensibility, from which she recovered by the assiduities of Lord Cranmer; but had no sooner opened her eyes, than she turned them on the body of the highwayman; and having exclaimed, 'My husband!' she relapsed again into the state from which she had been summoned to inexpressible anguish.

It is impossible to describe the horror of the scene, or the consternation of the terrified ladies, and their still more anxious brother. The first care of the latter was to get the body removed to the next village, which was effected by the opportune arrival of an empty postchaise, which was on its return from the metropolis; the second, and more important, was the recovery of the afflicted widow; and in this too he had the happiness to succeed, though he was obliged to suspend a curiosity, which was far from being disinterested, for some days, during which he employed himself in preventing disagreeable discoveries at a Coroner's inquest, which was necessary on the occasion, and in directing the interment of the unfortunate Arabin.

At length, however, the afflicted Delia grew more composed; and, at the earnest request of
the

the ladies, suggested by their impatient brother, entered on a detail of those circumstances which had produced such afflicting and alarming events: a recital which, whilst it excited the tenderest pity in the breasts of the amiable sisters, conveyed inexpressible satisfaction to their no less worthy brother, who now saw no impediment to the hope he had long entertained, that he might be at liberty to offer the participation of his honours and fortunes to her who already possessed his heart.

Nor was the gentle Delia insensible of the virtues and personal qualifications of the generous Cranmer. With modest diffidence she avowed eternal obligation; and, in the acknowledgments of her gratitude, betrayed the situation of her heart: a discovery of which her admirer did not fail to avail himself, in earnest solicitations to render his happiness compleat, which she was easily prevailed on to promise; and, as soon as decency would permit, she received the reward of her virtues in the hand of the truly noble Cranmer; a much more valuable gift than the honours and fortunes with which it was accompanied.

Hence let not the virtuous doubt, but they are the peculiar care of that Being, whose dispensations are

are always just, and who, even in this life, seldom fails to distinguish them, by bestowing his choicest and most desirable blessings ! Nor let them repine, even though adversity should attend them to the close of a life, which, whilst they have preserved the consciousness of integrity, cannot have been spent without the enjoyment of a degree of happiness, to which the most splendid iniquity will ever remain a stranger !

Hence let the vicious tremble ! and whilst he beholds the unoffending victim of brutality, prove the innocent instrument of punishment, let him learn that the laws he has transgressed are never to be violated with impunity ; and that, however long he may escape receiving the reward of his crimes, vengeance will surely overtake him at last, and that too in a degree strictly proportioned to the nature and extent of his offence !

COMPASSION.

IT is certainly, methinks, a sort of enlargement of our very selves, when we enter into the ideas, sensations, and concerns of our brethren; by this force of their make, men are insensibly hurried into each other; and by a secret charm we lament the unfortunate, and rejoice with the glad; for it surely is not possible for the human heart to be averse to any thing that is humane; but by the very mien and gesture of the joyful and distressed, we rise and fall into their condition; and since joy is communicative, it is reasonable that grief should be contagious, both which are seen and felt at a look, for one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart. Those useful and honest instruments do not only discover objects to us, but make ourselves also transparent; for they, in spite of dissimulation, when the heart is full, will brighten into gladness, or gush into tears; from this foundation in nature is kindled that noble spark of celestial fire, we call charity or compassion, which opens our bosoms, and extends our arms to embrace all mankind; and by this it is that the amorous man is

not

not more suddenly melted with beauty, than the
compassionate man with misery.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah ! little think they while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame.—How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man—
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs.—How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery.—Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty.—How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse,
Whence, tumbled headlong from the heights of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse—
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd ;
How many, racked with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress.—How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,

And point the parting anguish. Think, fond man,
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle, render life
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate.
Vice, in his high career, would stand appall'd,
And heedless, rambling impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And its wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still the social passions work.

By compassion we make others misery our own ;
and so by relieving them, we at the same time
relieve ourselves.

Some, who are reduced to the last extremity,
would rather perish, than expose their condition
to any, save the great and noble minded.

They esteem such to be wise men, generous, and
considerate of the accidents which commonly be-
fal us. They think, to those they can freely un-
bosom themselves, and tell their wants, without
the hazard of a reproach, which wounds more
deeply than a short denial.

To

To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
Our wills may covet, but our power denies.

Cyrus, the first Emperor of Persia, obtained a victory over the Assyrians, and after the battle, was so sensibly touched with seeing the field covered with dead bodies, that he ordered the same care to be taken of the wounded Assyrians, as of his own soldiers; saying, they are all men as well as we, and are no longer enemies, when once they are vanquished.

True benevolence, or compassion, extends itself through the whole of existence, and sympathizes with the distresses of every creature capable of sensation.

Little minds may be apt to consider compassion of this kind, as an instance of weakness; but it is undoubtedly the evidence of a noble nature. Homer thought it not unbecoming the character of a hero, to melt into tears at a distress of this sort, and has given us a most amiable and affecting picture of Ulysses, weeping over his favourite Argus, when he expires at his feet.

Soft

Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul,
 Adown his cheek the tear unbidden stole ;
 Stole—unperceiv'd he turn'd his head, and dried
 The drop humane.

But, the soft tear in pity's eye
 Outshines the diamond's brightest beams.

“ It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting,” says Solomon. Let us go into the house of mourning, made so, by such afflictions as have been brought on, merely, by the common cross accidents and disasters, to which our condition is exposed—when perhaps—the aged parents sit, broken hearted, pierced to the soul with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child—the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes centered :—perhaps a more affecting scene—a virtuous family lying pined with want, where the unfortunate support of it, having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them, is now piteously borne down at last—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.

O God ! look upon his afflictions. Behold him
 distracted with many sorrows, surrounded with
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the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares,—without bread to give them—unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig; to beg ashamed.

When we enter the house of mourning, such as this—it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look. Under what levity and dissipation of heart such objects catch our eyes—they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work; how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities, to which the life of man is subject. By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity, the perishing condition, and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. Or, behold a still more affecting spectacle—a kind indulgent father of a numerous family lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age, torn in an evil hour from his children, and the bosom of a disconsolate wife! Behold much people of the city gathered together, to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house
of

of mourning, to perform that last sad office, which, when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay each other.

In this melancholy mansion, see how the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive is it now! how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions! how deeply is it smitten with a sense, and with a love of virtue. Without this end, sorrow, I own, has no use, but to shorten our days, &c.

Let any who is conversant in the vanity of human life reflect upon it, and he will find—the man who wants mercy has a taste for no other enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural disrelish of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world; he is ever extremely partial to himself, in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel; and all his cases of conscience are determined by his attorney: such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of the miserable. How shocking to humanity, to see the picture of religion besmeared with superstition, justice blooded with cruelty.

I will

I will not attempt to account for those compassionate sentiments we feel for distress, or that indignation which is excited by the appearance of oppression; but I will maintain, that they are the distinguishing honours of human nature; and what philosopher will be such an enemy to society, as to assert the contrary?

One should not destroy an insect, one should not quarrel with a dog, without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

Compassion was not impressed upon the human heart, only to adorn the fair face with tears, and to give an agreeable languor to the eyes—it was designed to excite our utmost endeavours to relieve the sufferer. Yet, how often have I heard that selfish weakness, which flies from the sight of distress, dignified with the name of tenderness. “My friend is, I hear, in the deepest affliction and misery. I have not seen her,—for indeed I cannot bear such scenes, they affect me too much; those who have less sensibility are fitter for this world—but, for my part, I own, I am not able to support such things.—I shall not attempt to visit her, till I hear she has recovered her spirits.”

This have I heard, with an air of complaisance ;
and the poor selfish creature has persuaded herself, that she had finer feelings than those generous friends, who were sitting patiently in the house of mourning, waiting in silence the proper moment to pour in the balm of comfort ;—who suppressed their own sensations, and attended to those of the afflicted person,—and whose tears flowed in secret, while their eyes and voice were taught to enliven the sinking heart with the appearance of cheerfulness.

He, who looks upon the misfortunes of others with indifference, ought not to be surprized if they behold his without compassion.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound ;
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away ;
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation !
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ANECDOTE

OF

BISHOP HOUGH.

DOCTOR Hough, some time since Bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper, as for many other good qualities, having a good deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his Lordship to show him a curious weather-glass, which the Bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who, in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged by the accident.

‘Be under no concern, my dear Sir,’ says the Bishop, smiling, ‘I think it is rather a lucky omen : we have hitherto had a dry season ; and I hope we shall have some rain, for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low.’

MERCY

M E R C Y.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
 It bleffeth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned Monarch better than his crown :
 His sceptre shews the force of temporal pow'r,
 The attribute to awe and Majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings ;
 But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings ;
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest God's,
 When Mercy seasons justice.

 M E S S I A H,

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S A C R E D E C L O G U E.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and th'Aonian maids,
Delight

Delight no more.—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies :
Th'ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and antient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th'unexpected morn !
Oh ! spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
See nature hastes her earliest wreathes to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring :
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !

A God,

A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply :
 The rocks proclaim th'approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise !
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ;
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;
 Hear him, ye deaf ! and, all ye blind behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th'unfolding ear ;
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th'eternal wound.
 As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, and wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Freed from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

Nor

Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plough-ſhare end,
 Then palaces ſhall riſe ; the joyful ſon
 Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun ;
 Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
 And the ſame hand that ſow'd ſhall reap the field,
 The ſwain in barren deſerts, with ſurprize
 Sees lillies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe ;
 And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
 Waſtes, ſandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn ;
 To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed. [mead,
 The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead ;
 The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
 And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
 The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
 Pleas'd the green luſtre of their ſcales ſurvey,
 And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
 Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem riſe !
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and liſt thy eyes !

See

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See Heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

ON THE
FOLLY AND WICKEDNESS

OF

NEGLECTING A FAMILY AND CHILDREN,
FOR THE PLEASURES OF DISSIPATION.

THOUGH it may be true, as it has been asserted, that one age is not better than another, yet it is obvious to remark that the modes, if not the degrees, of vice, have varied at different periods; and that of modes equally criminal in themselves, some are particularly destructive. Whatever have been the manners of preceding times, in our own country, I believe it will be readily allowed, that middle ranks were never universally infected with the love of a dissipating life till the present age.

Domestic industry and œconomy, or the qualities distinguished by the homely titles of thriftiness and good housewifry, were always, till the present century, deemed honourable. They are now, however, discarded in disgrace; and in their place have succeeded a passionate love of show without substance, a never-ceasing attention to dress, and
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an insatiable hunger and thirst after diversions public and private.

Whoever considers the natural effect of excessive indulgence, in relaxing and weakening the tone of the mind, will immediately perceive how pernicious it must be to human nature in general, and to each particular society. There can remain neither inclination nor ability for exertion, when the strings which should give elasticity are all loose, or broken; and without exertion what is man? Behold what he is in the womanish court of an oriental tyrant! Sunk in sloth, and prostrate in meanness, poor human nature, in such a situation, scarcely equals, in spirit or ingenuity, the monkey and baboon,

But I mean not to enlarge on dissipation in general, but to consider its effects in the limited circle of private families; from which, however, it gradually extends its influence over the whole community, throughout all its departments, like the undulations of a pebble thrown into a pool.

Let us suppose a married couple in the middle ranks of life (and I select my instances from the middle ranks, because they are the most numerous and important.) Let us suppose them just setting

out, as it is called, in the world. The first object is to form and extend connexions. The ostensible motive is the advancement of the family interest; the real and most powerful motive, the love of various company, in a continual succession. Dinners and suppers, dancing and card-playing, leave little time, and no inclination, for the sober business of the trade or profession. A neglected trade or profession cannot succeed; and the poor young people, after having spent the little hard-earned patrimony which, it may be their affectionate parents have bestowed on them, live the rest of their lives in some poor lodging in penury or servitude, or die of disappointment.

But if, by uncommonly good fortune, they avoid bankruptcy or ruin, yet their love of dissipation never fails to poison that happiness which it pretends to sweeten. It prevents them from performing the most indispensable duties, and living the life of rational creatures. All heads of families are presidents of little societies, which they are bound to regulate by precept and example. But how shall they be qualified to do this, who are seldom at home, and who, when they are there, are constantly engaged in vanity? Their own corruption descends, with additional malignity of influence, to the lowest menial servant

vant, who has sought protection beneath their roof.

But let us consider them in the relation of parents. Nothing can be more inconsistent with the life of a lady, who delights in the fashionable amusements, than the care of her new-born child. Her dress would be disconcerted, and her shape spoiled, were she to attempt to feed it herself with the food which nature has made convenient for it. She could not be absent from home. She must be liable to interruption at all hours. Her health also must fail under so constant a fatigue, added to the necessary toils of the ball and card-table. Her physician (for she takes care to have him on her side), declares that from the delicate imbecility of her constitution, it would be highly improper for her to submit to the exhausting task of suckling an infant. The little one, therefore, whose heavenly smiles would repay every maternal care, is sent to the cottage, or the garret, of some hireling nurse. There, amidst poverty, hunger, and nastiness, it drags a precarious existence, with no attention, but the cold charity of a mercenary woman, who has often, at the same time a child of her own to engross her maternal endearments. The mother, in the mean time, is engaged in the gay circle of an assembly, losing

losing that money at cards, or spending it in dress and pleasures, which ought to pay her husband's creditors.

Ah! little thinks she how her poor infant, which ought to be fostered in her own bosom, is bewailing, in the expressive language of tears, the neglect and the harsh treatment it undergoes, in the dreary haunts of misery and want. Many a severe menace, and many a hard blow does the sweet babe receive from the ignorant and passionate nurse, at which a mother's heart would bleed, if it were not lost to sensibility. Poor innocents! unhappy orphans! deserted in your helpless state, by those who brought you into a wretched world. May he who took the children up in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them, have pity on your woes—on those injuries which ye sorely suffer, but cannot have deserved!

Life, however, is not easily extinguished; and notwithstanding all the pains and inconveniencies which the child undergoes from want of food, from want of cleanliness, from want of those tender attentions which a mother can only pay, it does indeed survive; but what remains of its lot is even more miserable than that which is already passed.

As it has always been absent from home, it is a stranger there. Its parents feel but little natural affection for it; for natural affection fixes itself in the heart most deeply at that period when the infant is hanging at the breast, and smiling, as it were, with gratitude, in the face of her who supplies it with the delicious nourishment from her own vital current. It takes still firmer possession of the heart when the child begins to prattle and to play those little tricks, which none but a callous mind can behold without delight. But, alas! the little boy or girl are still considered as obstacles to pleasure at home. They pay a short formal visit there, and again dismissed to a nurse, locked up with servants in the garret, or transferred to their grandmother. The last is a most enviable lot, in comparison with the former; in which they not only experience harsh words and hard blows, but learn vulgar ideas, vulgar language of every kind, which must one day be unlearned.

As soon as they can walk firmly, and talk plainly, they are removed to one of those convenient schools or academies, as they are called, where children at a very early age, are received as into nurseries. In the subsequent course of their education, they are constantly kept from home,

or

or if they are indulged in a visit of a few days, they see little but what tends to mislead them. They receive no fatherly advice, and whatever learning they may acquire at their schools, they usually enter on the stage to act their part in the drama of life, without judgment, and without principles to regulate their conduct.

There is usually added to their misfortune of being neglected and misled, that of being deprived of all share of their parents' possessions; who, in the gay circles of pleasure, not only spend their own property, but involve themselves and their paternal estates in debt, and in every species of distressing and disgraceful embarrassment. There is no part of the family and affairs of the dissipated which has not a tendency to ruin. They are themselves in a constant state of mortification and disappointment. Their object in pursuing a perpetual round of amusements, is to obtain perpetual pleasure; an object which human nature could never yet accomplish. They, of all others are least likely to obtain it, neglect their most important and their daily duties. Indeed, there is nothing more misapprehended than the nature of pleasure.

Men

Men are deluded by a name, and, catching at a phantom, lose reality. The truest pleasure results from calm and moderate emotions. Noise, tumult, violence, disorder, take off the fine spirit from that which is otherwise formed to please, and leave little behind but dregs or disagreeable ingredients. Balls, assemblies, feasts, public diversions, cards, dress, various company, should be pursued only as what they are, temporary amusements. Ask those that are whirled in the vortex of fashion, whether they are happy?

Notwithstanding they are engaged, without ceasing, in what the world calls pleasure, they are as ready to complain of languor and misery as any other part of mankind. Pride and vanity compel them to move with others of their rank and fortune; but their countenances and words abundantly testify that they have, at least, their share of human uneasiness. They feel, indeed, the satisfaction of being distinguished from the poor, because their fortunes enable them to pay for the distinction; but that happiness is but slenderly supported, which is founded only on the gratification of a weak and womanish vanity.

With respect to that particular part of the evil resulting from dissipation, the neglect and

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consequent

consequent misery of families, it is, certainly, very extensive and important. Single men, and single women, however led astray by the false lights of their own vain imagination, suffer by themselves, or at least draw but a few in their train; but the whole rising generation must be endangered where dissipation is become universal among parents and the heads of families.

Selfish arguments may succeed when others fail; and I therefore wish I could convince the generality of a certain truth; that there is really more pleasure to be found by a family fire-side, and in the regular performance of domestic duties, than in the never-ceasing pursuit after fashionable amusements. What is the delight of seeing an Italian or French dancing-master stand upon one leg, compared to that of beholding ones own smiling babes in the raptures of a game at play. What is the delight of a glittering ball, a play, a masquerade, compared to that of a home, in which are found plenty, tranquillity, and love, uninterrupted by the extravagance, the folly, the pride, and the restlessness of that empty, weak, and fickle, yet arbitrary tyrant, fashion. Not that the moralist is severe. He prohibits no moderate and reasonable enjoyments. He is too well acquainted with human nature, and with
life

life so to moralize. He maintains only, that though dissipating pleasures may be allowed as a temporary relief, they are fatal to happiness and virtue, when they are suffered to engage the whole attention, or become the chief employment.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

THE high and mighty King of kings,
 Whose praise the whole creation sings,
 Hath fix'd, in love to human kind,
 His blessed image in our mind.
 The lines are strong, the picture fair,
 No need of anxious search and care ;
 Look but within, and straight appears,
 The signature all nature wears !

Where'er I am, howe'er oppress'd,
 This heav'nly portrait in my breast
 Inspires, with confidence divine,
 And comfort flows from ev'ry line !
 Thro' dangers numberless I go,
 Yet weather all the storms that blow—

To lead me to the peaceful shore,
My God and guide is still before !
At night, before I close my eyes,
And in the morning, when I rise,
I pray for safety, health, and grace,
And still the Lord before me place !
He sheds his odours round my head,
And makes me sleep secure in bed ;
In all the labours of the day,
He goes before and points the way !

Soon as my passions wild prevail,
And faith and reason both assail ;
When strong temptations spread their net,
Before me still the Lord I set ;
His presence can the passions lay,
And teach them reason to obey ;
Temptation's charms soon disappear,
And truth succeeds when God is near !

When sorrows upon sorrows roll,
And sharpest arrows pierce my soul ;
When deepest funk in black despair,
I lift my eyes and heart in pray'r ;
Just when all human help had fail'd,
And friend and neighbour nought avail'd,
This best of friends, in constant view,
Shews what himself alone can do !

Thro'

Thro' all the future ills of life,
Amidst contempt, reproach, and strife,
I'll fet the Lord before me still,
And live obedient to his will !
So when thro' death's dark vale I move,
He will a light before me prove ;
Conduct me safe to endless joy,
And mark me out some blest employ.

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE

OF A

Y O U N G P R I N C E .

IN the reign of Charles II. an Italian Envoy informed his Majesty, that a young Prince in Italy, having married beneath himself, had retired into England, and that his friends requested he might be searched for, and sent back as soon as possible.

The Prince hearing of it, made himself known to the King, acquainting him that he lived twenty-five miles from town, in a country retreat, with
his

his beloved Jacintha ; and, if his Majesty would afford him his protection, he should be happier there than in the possession of a crown.

The King put a stop to any farther searches of the Envoy, and the enamoured Prince lived unknown with his Jacintha till their deaths, which happened within six months of one another.

ANECDOTE

OF

DEAN SWIFT.

A SHOEMAKER of Dublin had a longing desire to work for Dean Swift: he was recommended by Mr. James Swift, the banker, and Mr. Sican, a merchant. The Dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, "When shall I have them?" "On Saturday next," said the shoe-maker. "I hate disappointments," said the Dean, "nor would have you disappoint others: set your own time, and keep to it." "I thank your Reverence," (said Bamerick) for that
was

was his name, " I desire no longer time than Saturday se'night, when you will be sure to have them without fail."

They parted, and the boots were finished to the time ; but, through the hurry of business, Mr. Bamerick forgot to carry them home till Monday evening. When the Dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he said, " Mr. Bamerick, you have answered the commendation of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at Sir Arthur Axheson's, in the county of Armagh, on this day. " Indeed, and indeed, Sir, (said Bamerick) the boots were finished to the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The Dean gave him one of his stern looks ; and after a pause asked him, whether he understood gardening as well as boot-making? Bamerick answered, " No, Sir : but I have seen some very fine gardens in England." " Come, (said the Dean, in a good humoured tone) I will shew you improvements I have made in the Deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the further end, when the Dean started, as if recollecting something, " I must step in, (said he) stay here till
I come

I come back ;" then he run out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and not seeing the Dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked; he knocked, and called several times to no purpose, he perceived himself confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However, he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined.

The Deanery servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the Dean remained in his study till two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall, and drew the charge out of a blunderbuss, and other fire arms, then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his servants. " Robert, (said he) I have been much disturbed with noise on the garden side, I fear some robbers have broke in; give me a lanthorn, and call up Saunders. Then the Dean took the lanthorn, and staid by the arms until the men came. " Arm yourselves (said he) and follow me." He led them into the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach the Dean roared out, " There's the robber, shoot him, shoot him." Saunders presented, and Bamerick, terrified to death, fell on his knees and begged his life

The

The Dean held the lanthorn up to the man's face, and gravely said, " Mercy on us ! Mr. Bamerick, how came you here ? " " Lord, Sir, (said Bamerick) don't you remember you left me here in the evening ? " " Ah ! friend (said the Dean) I forgot it, as you did the boots ; " then turning round to Robert (who was butler) he said, " give the man some warm wine, and see him safe home. "

This anecdote was received from Darby Coleman, one of Bamerick's workmen, and who worked for him at the same time.

ON

HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

THE morning opens, very freshly gay,
 And life itself is in the month of May.
 With green my fancy plants an arbour o'er,
 And flow'rets, with a thousand colours more ;
 Then falls to weaving that, and spreading these,
 And softly shakes them with an easy breeze ;
 With golden fruit adorns the bending shade,
 Or trails its silver water o'er its bed.

G g

Glide

Glide, gentle water, still more gently by,
 While in this summer-bow'r of bliss I lie,
 And sweetly sing of sense-delighting flames,
 And nymphs and shepherds, soft invented names;
 Or view the branches which around me twine,
 And praise their fruit, diffusing sprightly wine:
 Or find new pleasures in the world to praise,
 And still with this return adorn my lays;
 Range round your gardens of eternal spring,
 Go, range, my senses, while I sweetly sing.

In vain, in vain, alas! seduced by ill,
 And acted wildly by the force of will!
 I tell my soul, it will be constant May,
 And charm a season never made to stay:
 My beauteous harbour will not stand a storm;
 The world but promises, but can't perform:
 Then fade, ye leaves; and wither all ye flow'rs;
 I'll doat no longer in enchanted bow'rs;
 But sadly mourn in melancholy song,
 The vain conceits that held my soul so long;
 The lusts that tempt us with delusive show,
 And sin brought forth for everlasting woe.
 Thus shall the notes to sorrow's object rise,
 While frequent rests procure a place for sighs;
 And as I moan upon the naked plain,
 Be this the burthen closing every strain:
 Return, my senses; range no more abroad;
 He'll only find his bliss who seeks for God.

ANECDOTE
OF THE
DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

THIS Lady was always remarkable for having a very high sense of her own dignity : being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in a very narrow street, she leans with both her arms upon the door, and asked the fellow, " How dare you, Sirrah, to stop a woman of quality in the street ?"—" Woman of quality !" (replied the man),—" Yes, fellow, (rejoined her Grace) don't you see *my arms upon my carriage ?*"—" Yes, I do indeed, (he answered) and a pair of d—d coarse arms they are."

ANECDOTE
OF A
FRENCH MAGISTRATE.

LEWIS XIV. having made his public entrance into the city of Lyons, was harangued by one of the principal magistrates, who passed for a man of sense. But as it was the first

time he had appeared in the royal presence, his sense was insufficient to exempt him from that species of awkward embarrassment, which is generally experienced on similar occasions.

Though he had passed all the preceding night in studying his speech, when he approached the King, he found himself unable to utter a syllable. Having at length, however, recovered from his fears, he began his harangue, and said many good things, to which his Sovereign listened with pleasure; but before he had got half through, an ass, which stood near the place, set up a braying, and, in short, made such a noise, that the King, not being able to hear the orator, exclaimed aloud, "Make that ass hold his tongue!" The attention of the magistrate having been too much engrossed by his own eloquence to take the smallest notice of the ass, he concluded that himself was the object of those orders which he had just heard the King deliver in so a peremptory a tone. This idea made him stop short; and, after some minutes, he stammered out, "I was thoroughly sensible, Sire, of my incapacity to harangue your Majesty, and it was with extreme reluctance I undertook the task." The King could not refrain from laughter at his ridiculous mistake; and his Majesty's mirth encreasing the confusion of the orator,

all

all entreaties to prevail on him to resume his speech proved fruitless. He rushed into the thickest part of the crowd, and having reached his own house, shut himself up in his apartment, inconsolable at having rendered himself an object of ridicule to the whole town.

AN

ORIENTAL ANECDOTE.

FROM A LATE AUTHENTIC LETTER,

DATED CALCUTTA.

GOCUL Chunres Gofaul was a Bramin of superior cast, whose character as a merchant and a man of integrity was very respectable among Europeans, and exceedingly so with every native who had any knowledge of him; for he maintained a great many poor daily at his house, and in the neighbourhood where he lived, as well as extending his generosity to many of the Europeans, by lending them money when in distress. He was Governor Verelst's bapian.

Gocul

Gocul had been confined to his room about a fortnight by a fever and flux ; I (the writer of the letter) frequently visited him in that time, but did not apprehend his dissolution was so near, till last Tuesday morning, the 20th instant, when, on sending to enquire after his health, my servant informed me he was removed from his own house to the bank of a creek that runs from Collyghaunt, (a place held sacred by the Hindoos, and where the water is taken up that is used in administering oaths to Hindoos, in and about Calcutta) into the river Ganges, as you know is customary with them, in order to die in or near that river, or some creek that runs into it.

At about nine o'clock in the evening of that day, I went to see him as he lay on a fly palanquin in a boat in that creek. His servant told me he could hear, but could not speak to any body. I went near him, and called to him by name ; he knew my voice, turned about, and held out his hand to me. I took hold of it, and found it very cold ; he pressed mine, and said he was obliged to me for coming to see him. I told him he would get his death by lying exposed without covering (for he was naked to his hips), to the moist air in this rainy season, close to a muddy bank. He said he wished to be cold, for he was
then

then burning with heat (although his hand, as observed before, was very cold). I then put my hand to his forehead, which was also very cold; still he insisted that he was burning with heat. I begged him to allow me to order him to be carried back to his own house; he shook his head, but said nothing in answer. I repeated the request, but he shook his head again without saying a word. I did not imagine such a proposition would be attended to; because it is an invariable custom, you know, amongst the Hindoos, when given over by their doctors, to be removed to the bank of the Ganges, or some creek that runs into it, for which they have a very superstitious veneration; and I have heard, that if a Hindoo dies in his own house, it is razed to the ground.

Gocul's is a very large house, and such a circumstance would consequently be a great detriment to the estate. I staid about a quarter of an hour with him. On coming away he repeated his obligations to me for the visits I paid during his illness, and for my attention to him at that time in particular, and pressed my hand very hard at parting, as he was perfectly sensible; and I believe, if proper care had been taken of him, it was in the power of medicine to have restored his health. There were a vast number of Bramins reading

reading and praying near him. Early the next morning I sent my servant to ask how he was ; he brought me for answer, that Gocul was in the same state as when I left him the preceding night ; and whilst I was at breakfast, one of his dependants came to tell me he was dead.

I went to see him soon after, and found him covered with a sheet. I then enquired if either of his wives (for he had two) would burn with him. Nobody there could inform me. I desired one of his dependants to let me know if either of them resolved to burn, that I might be present : this was about eight o'clock last Wednesday morning. At ten o'clock the corpse was carried to Collyghaunt, a little village about a mile higher up the creek, and about two miles and an half from Calcutta.

Between twelve and one o'clock the same day, Mr. Shakespear, who had an esteem for Gocul, whose nephew Joynerain Gofaul is Mr. Shakespear's banian, called on me to let me know that Gocul's first wife Tarryaell was resolved to burn. We accordingly went together, and reached Collyghaunt in time, where Gocul lay on a pile of sandal wood and straw, about four feet from the ground, on the banks of the creek, as naked

as

as when I saw him the night before. His wife, we were told, was praying on the edge of the creek, where we were informed her children (two boys and one girl), one of the boys seven years, the other five, and the girl thirteen months, old, were present with their mother, and Kistenchurn, Gocul's eldest brother: that at first sight of her children, the strong ties of human nature, struggling with her resolution, drew a tear from her; but she soon recovered herself, and told her children their father was dead, and that she was going to die with him; that they must look up to their uncle, pointing to Kistenchurn, who, with his son, Joynerain before mentioned, would be both father and mother to them; and that they must therefore obey them in the same manner as they would Gocul and herself if living. Then, turning to Kistenchurn, she enjoined him, and requested him to enjoin Joynerain (who was then at Dacca) to defend and protect her helpless offspring.

This done, she left her children, and advanced towards the funeral pile, which was surrounded by a vast concourse of people, chiefly Bramins, about eight or ten feet from it, so that there was a free passage round the pile. Mr. Shakespeare

gallies

H h

and

and I went in front of the circle, and I had a perfect view of the following scene.

As soon as she appeared in the circle, I thought she was somewhat confused; but whether from the sight of her husband lying dead on the pile, or at the great crowd of people assembled, or at seeing Europeans among them (for there were two besides Mr. Shakespearé and myself), I cannot tell; however she recovered herself almost instantaneously. She then walked, unattended, gently round the pile in silence, strewing flowers as she went round; and when she had nearly completed the third time, at Gocul's feet she got upon the pile without any assistance, strewed flowers over it, and then laid herself down on the left side of her husband, raising his head and putting her right arm under his neck. She then turned her body to his, and threw her left arm over him; while one of the Bramins raised his right leg and put it over her legs, without a single word being uttered. As soon as this was done, a shawl was laid over them, and they were not seen afterwards by any body. Some dry straw was laid over the shawl, and then some lighted billets of sandal wood were put on the straw; but altogether not sufficient to prevent her raising

raising herself up, throwing all off, and entirely extricating herself from the pile, if she had been inclined to save herself.

The dry straw which composed a part of the pile was then lighted. During all this time, that is, from the moment Gocul's wife made her appearance in the circle, to the lighting the pile, there was a profound silence; but on the fire being lighted, the Bramins called out aloud, some dancing and brandishing cudgels of sticks, which I took to be praying, and a part of the ceremony; perhaps to prevent her cries from being heard by the multitude, so as to give them a bad impression of it, or to deter other women from following what the Hindoos term a laudable example. But I was so near the pile, notwithstanding the noise made by the Bramins, and those who danced round it, I should have heard any cries or lamentations she might have made. I am convinced she made none, and that the smoke must have suffocated her in a very short space of time. I staid about ten minutes after the pile was lighted, for such a sight was too dreadful to behold long; besides nothing more was to be seen except the flames, which Mr. Shakespeare and I had a perfect view of at a distance, as we returned from the funeral pile.

Gocul's wife was a tall, well made, good looking woman, fairer than the generality of Hindoo women are, about twenty, perhaps twenty-two at most; she was decently dressed in a white cloth round her waist, and an oorne of white cloth with a red silk border thrown loosely over her head and shoulders; but face, arms and feet were bare.

I have heard, and indeed supposed, that women in that situation intoxicated themselves with bang or toddy; but from the relation given me of what passed between Gocul's wife, her children, and brother-in-law, as well as what Mr. Shakespeare and myself saw at the funeral pile, I am persuaded she was as free from intoxication during the whole ceremony, as possible; for she appeared to be perfectly composed, and not in the least flurried, except at first, for a very short time, as before observed. She afterwards went through it deliberately, with astonishing fortitude and resolution.

This barbarous custom, so shocking to Europeans, was practised by our ancestors in Britain in the time of the Druids; but whether our countrywomen in those days, who did not sacrifice themselves, were treated with the same contempt

tempt after the death of their husbands, as the Hindoo women are, I know not; for by the religion of Hindoos they can never marry again, or have commerce with another man, without prejudice to their cast, which to them is as dear as life itself; but generally are reduced to perform the most menial offices in the family of which they were before the mistresses.

This reflection, together with the great credit they gain among the Bramins, in undergoing so painful and horrid a religious ceremony, may be, and no doubt is, a very strong inducement to their continuing this practice.

ON TRANQUILLITY OF MIND.

TRANQUILLITY of mind is undoubtedly one of the greatest blessings that we can possess on earth. It is indeed the ultimate aim, to which the wishes of the wise and reflecting have ever been directed, that with a mind undisturbed by anxieties, cares, and fears, they might pass their days in a pleasing serenity. They justly

justly concluded that, by enjoying themselves in peace, they would enjoy to the greatest advantage, all the comforts of life that came within their reach.

This happy tranquillity, the multitude conceive to be most readily attainable by means of wealth, or, at least, of an easy fortune; which they imagine would set them above all the ordinary disturbances of life. That it has some effect for this purpose, cannot be denied. Poverty and straitened circumstances are often inconsistent with tranquillity. To be destitute of those conveniencies that suit our rank in the world; to be burthened with anxiety about making provision for every day which passes over our head; instead of bringing comfort to a family who look up to us for aid, to behold ourselves surrounded with their wants and complaints, are circumstances which cannot fail to give much uneasiness to every feeling mind.

To take measures, therefore, for attaining a competent fortune, by laudable means, is wise and prudent. Entire negligence of our affairs, and indifference about our worldly circumstances, is, for the most part, the consequence of some vice, or some folly.—At the same time it must be observed, that

that the attainment of opulence is no certain method of attaining tranquillity. Embarrassments and vexations often attend it, and long experience has shewn, that tranquillity is far from being always found among the rich. Nay, the higher that men rise in the world, the greater degrees of power and distinction which they acquire, they are often the farther removed from internal peace.

The world affords so many instances of miseries abounding in the higher ranks of life, that it were needless to enlarge on a topic so generally known and admitted. Assuming it, therefore, for an undoubted truth, that the mere possession of the goods of fortune may be consistent with the want of inward tranquillity, we must look around us for other more certain grounds of it. We must inquire whether any line of conduct can be pointed out, which, independent of external situation in the world, shall tend to make us easy in mind; shall either bestow, or aid, that tranquillity which all men desire.

The *first* direction to be suggested, is, that we imitate the character of the man who *walketh uprightly, worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth as he thinketh in his heart*; that we study to preserve

preserve a clear conscience, and to lead a virtuous and honourable, at least an inoffensive and innocent, life.

So great is the power of conscience over every human being, that the remembrance of crimes never fails to overthrow tranquillity of mind. Be assured, that he who defrauds his neighbour, who has ensnared the innocent, has violated his trust, or betrayed his friend, shall never enjoy within himself undisturbed quiet. His evil deeds will at times recur to his thoughts; like ghosts rising up in black array before him to haunt his couch. Even the sense of a foolish and trifling conduct of a life past in idleness and dissipation; by which, though a man has not been guilty of great crimes, he has however wasted his substance, mispent his time, and brought upon himself just reproach.

Let him, therefore, who wishes to enjoy tranquillity, study, above all things, to act an irreproachable part. With comfort he will rest his head on his pillow at night, when he is conscious that throughout the day he has been doing his duty towards God and man;—when none of the transactions of that day come back, in painful

remembrance, to upbraid him. To this testimony of a good conscience, let him be able,

In the *second* place, to join humble trust in the favour of God. As, after the best endeavour we can use, no man's behaviour will be entirely faultless, it is essential to peace of mind, that we have some ground for hope in the Divine mercy, that, through the merits of Jesus Christ, our defects shall be forgiven, and grace be shewn us by Heaven.

This includes all the duties of faith and repentance that are required by the Gospel; the faithful discharge of which duties is absolutely necessary for delivering us from those fears of another world, which, if not allayed, are sufficient to banish all tranquillity from the heart. Our religious principles must at the same time be sound and pure, and carefully preserved from the taint of superstition, whose gloomy horrors, taking possession of weak and ill-informed minds, convert what they mistake for religion, into a source of misery. Moreover, it is necessary, that we be able to place trust in God, not only as our future Judge, but as the present Governor of human affairs;

So uncertain is the continuance of every earthly comfort, that he, who reposes no confidence in the Supreme Disposer of events, must be often disquieted and dejected. He alone possesses firm tranquillity, who, amidst all human vicissitudes, looks up, with settled trust, to an Almighty Ruler, as to one under whose conduct he is safe.

In the *third* place, to attend to the culture and improvement of our minds. A fund of useful knowledge, and a stock of ideas, afford much advantage for the enjoyment of tranquillity. It is not meant that every man must study to become deeply learned. The situation of many would not allow it. The taste, and the habits of others, prevent it. But what is meant is, that every man who wishes to lead a comfortable life should provide for himself, as much as he can, by means of observation, reading, and reflecting, a large field of useful thoughts. In a mind absolutely vacant, tranquillity is seldom found. The vacancy will too often be filled up by bad desires and passions. Whereas, the mind of a wise man is a kingdom to itself. In his lonely or melancholy hours, he finds always resources within himself, to which he can turn for relief. As there are many occasions when external objects afford no pleasure, it is only

only by being able to rest on the entertainments afforded to himself by his mind, that any one can pass his days with self-enjoyment.

In the *fourth* place, let us always be careful to provide proper employment for our time. Regular industry and labour, with intervals of ease, is perhaps the state most conducive to tranquillity. If our station give no call to industry, it will be profitable to have some end or object in view, to which our attention shall be directed. Relaxation from intense, or incessant pursuit, is requisite for comfort. But if relaxation degenerate into total idleness, it becomes in a high degree adverse to tranquillity. Every man by his nature, is formed more or less, for action. In a mind that is entirely quiescent, and that has no object to put it into motion, instead of self-enjoyment, there will be constant langour, tediousness, and misery. Life stagnates in such a situation, like a pool of dead waters, and the man becomes a burden to himself.

Violent and dangerous pursuits, which distract and embroil those who are engaged in them, cannot be understood to be here recommended. Every one sees how foreign these are to a state of tranquillity. But in the ordinary of calm and easy

life, it would be adviseable, for every one to have some end before him; some object, which shall bring the mind into action, and fill up the vacancies of time. Provided the object be innocent, and of no unfuitable or degrading nature, it may answer this purpose, though it should not of itself be of high importance. It is better for the mind to have some determined direction given it, than to be always left floating, as it were, in empty space. But about whatever objects we are employed, it is still more material to tranquillity that, in the

Fifth place, we learn to govern our passions. These are the most frequent disturbers of peace. Necessary as their impulse is to give activity to the mind, yet if they are not kept in subordination to reason, they speedily throw all things into confusion. Such of them as belong to the malignant and unsocial kind, evidently tend to produce vexation and disquiet.

In the *sixth* place, let us never expect too much from the world. High hopes, and florid views, are great enemies to tranquillity. When rashly indulged, they are constantly producing disappointments. Their indulgence, in the mean time, occasions discontent with our present situation;

tion; and he who is discontented cannot be happy. One of the first lessons, both of religion and wisdom, is, to moderate our expectations and hopes; and not to set forth on the voyage of life like men who expect to be always carried forward with a favourable gale. Let our views be suited to our rank and station in the world; and never soar fantastically beyond them. Let us content ourselves with sober pleasures, and form our relish to them. Let us be thankful when we are free from pain, though we be not in the midst of high enjoyment; satisfied if the path we tread be easy and smooth, though it be not strewn with flowers. Human life admits not of continued pleasure; nor is it always rendered happy by great exaltation: remembering that it is a middle region which is the native station of tranquillity. It neither aspires to those heights of the atmosphere where the thunder is formed; nor creeps always on the ground.

If we look for perfection any where, we shall find ourselves disappointed; and the consequence of this disappointment will be, that friendship will cool, and disgust succeed. If we wish to enjoy comfort in any of our connections; let us take our fellow creatures as they are, and look for their imperfections to appear. We know we have

have our own; let us, therefore, bear with those of others, as we expect they are to bear with us. As no one is without failings, few also are void of amiable qualities. Let us select for our companions, those who have the greatest share of such qualities, and value them accordingly.

Seventhly, and lastly on the subject, to mix retreat with the active business of the world, and to cultivate habits of serious thought and recollection. The great multitude of men are in different situations. Industry is required of them, business and cares perplex; and active pursuits occupy their closest attention. Amidst bustle, intrigue, and dissention, he must pass many an uneasy hour. Here an enemy encounters him; there a rival meets him. A suspicious friend alarms one hour; an ungrateful one provokes him the next. Reflection and meditation allay the workings of many unquiet passions; and place us at a distance from the tumults of the world.

When the mind has either been ruffled or cast down, in intercourse with God and Heaven we find a sanctuary to which we can retreat. In the hours of contemplation and devotion, a good man enjoys himself in peace. He beholds nobler objects than what worldly men can behold. He
 assumes

assumes a higher character. He listens to the voice of nature and of God; and from this holy sanctuary comes forth with a mind fortified against the little disturbances of the world.

During the early periods of life, vivid sensations of pleasure are the sole objects thought worthy of pursuit. Mere ease and calmness are despised, as the portion of the aged only and the feeble. Some longer acquaintance with the world,—with its disappointed hopes and fallacious pleasures, teaches almost all men, by degrees, to wish for tranquillity and peace. But we must not imagine, that these are blessings which will drop on men of their own accord, as soon as they begin to desire them. No; the thoughtless and the profligate, will ever remain strangers to them. They will remain the sport of every accident that occurs to derange their minds, and to disturb their life.

The three great enemies to tranquillity are, Vice, Superstition, and Idleness: Vice, which poisons and disturbs the mind with bad passions; Superstition, which fills it with imaginary terrors; Idleness, which loads it with tediousness and disgust. It is only by following the paths which eternal Wisdom have pointed out, that we can
arrive

arrive at the blessed temple of Tranquillity, and obtain a station there:—by endeavouring to do our duty to God and man:—by acquiring a humble trust in the mercy and favour of God through Jesus Christ:—by cultivating our minds, and properly employing our time and thoughts;—by governing our passions and tempers;—by correcting all unreasonable expectations from the world, and from men; and, in the midst of worldly business, habituating ourselves to calm retreat and serious recollection.

By such means as these, it may be hoped, that, through the Divine blessing, our days shall flow in a stream as unruffled as the human state admits.

The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest. But the work of righteousness is peace; and the effect of righteousness is quietness and assurance for ever.

THE

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
 Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose
 Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
 So, when a smooth expanse receives impress'd,
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees impending grow,
 And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow :
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side ;
 And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books or swains report it right,

K k

(For

(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell; the pilgrim's staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
 Then with the rising sun a journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass:
 But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft, in graceful ringlets, wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
 And hail, my son! the rev'rend sire reply'd:
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road;
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

But here the youth enjoin'd the eager fire,
 Who into hidden truths did much enquire,
 If he'd in silence each event behold,
 He wou'd to him some wond'rous things unfold.
 Agreed, and now the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
 Nature

Nature in silence bids the world repose,
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home.
 Yet still his kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive, the livery'd servants wait ;
 Their Lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
 Rich, luscious wine, a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd his guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go,
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe :
 His cup was vanish'd ; for, in secret guise,
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

Now on they pass ;—when far upon the road,
The wealthy spoil the wily partner show'd.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :
So seem'd the fire, he walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to coverts scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat :
'Twas built by turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around :
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;

The

The nimble light'ning, mix'd with showers began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast;
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest.)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls;
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with dead small beer,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both for cheer;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
 And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place
 In ev'ry setting feature of his face!
 When, from his vest, the young companion bore
 That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before;
 And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
 The stinted kindness of his churlish soul!
 Just sunk to earth, the miser, in surprize,
 Receiv'd the glitt'ring gift with startled eyes;
 But, ere he could recover from his fright,
 The gen'rous guests were gone quite out of sight.
 Now

Now the brisk clouds in airy tumults fly,
 The sun emerging opes another sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day.
 While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom
 wrought
 With all the travail of uncertain thought;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, but seem'd a madness here.
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky, }
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie, }
 Again they search and find a mansion nigh. }
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, (and not for praise, but virtue) kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet ;
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
 Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part :
 From him you come, from him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.

He

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed ;
 When the grave household round the hall repair'd,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hour of pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose ;
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
 And writh'd his neck ;—the landlord's little pride,
 (O strange return !) grew black, and gasp'd, and
 dy'd.

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son ?
 How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ?
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assail his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies,—but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way ;
 A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find ; the servant went before ;
 Long arms of oak an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
 The youth who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in :
 Plunging

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the hermit's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and wildly cries,
Detested wretch ! but scarce his speech began
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man ;
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd about his feet :
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odours breathe in purpled air ;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd like the day,
Wide at his back their dazzling plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do :
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
These charms success in our bright region find,
And forc'd an angel down to calm thy mind ;

For

For this commission'd, I forsook the sky;
Nay, cease to kneel! —thy fellow servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let the scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred Majesty thro' all depends,
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still!

What strange events can strike with more sur-
prize,
Than those which lately struck thy wand'ring eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th'Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of
wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor ;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That heav'n can bless, if mortals can be kind ;
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen oar of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-wean'd his soul from God ;
 (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run !
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow :)
 The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune fell a wreck,
 Had the false servant sped in safety back ?
 This very night, (by secret plot contriv'd)
 Of life and wealth his master he'd depriv'd ;
 Had he in this conspiracy prevail'd,
 What funds of charity would then have fail'd ?

Thus

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.

Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
His Master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending, left the view;
The Prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
"Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done;"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And spent a life of piety and peace.

THE
HAPPY EFFECTS
OF
MISFORTUNE.

IF misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
Ev'n with the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

CHARACTER

OF AN

EXCELLENT MAN.

HOW could my tongue
 Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!
 How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
 Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
 And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble:
 Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
 In whom, next heav'n, I trust,

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

MORNING.

WISH'D morning's come; and now upon
 the plains,
 And distant mountains where they feed their flocks,
 The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
 And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:

The

The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
 Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
 With much content and appetite he eats,
 To follow in the field his daily toil,
 And drefs the grateful glebe that yields him fruits;
 The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
 And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
 And, looking tow'rs the neighbouring pastures,
 raise

Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-
 —morrow:

The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
 Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
 Salute, and welcome up, the rising sun.

A JEUDÉMOT

RESPECTING THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

THE introduction of a certain naval officer
 to the Prince of Wales, and their present
 intimacy, originated in the following whimsical
 little circumstance. His Royal Highness was dis-
 puting

putting with a gentleman on the subject of naval tactics, and finally agreed to refer the decision to the son of Neptune, who was in an adjoining room. A note was dispatched by the gentleman requesting the officer's opinion, and concluded with this inaccuracy of spelling—

"You must be a very competent judge, having
"been *bread* to the sea."

This was the neat and farcistical reply—

"I never was *bread* to the sea, but the sea was
"BREAD to me, and very bad *bread* it was."

TO ANECDOTES

AND

TO ANECDOTES

CYRUS being reproached one day by Cræsus for his profusion, a calculation was made to how much his treasure might have amounted, had he been more sparing of it.

To

To justify his liberality, Cyrus sent dispatches to every person he had particularly obliged, requesting them to supply him with as much money as they could advance.

When all these memorandums had come to Cyrus, it appeared that the sum total far surpassed the calculation made by Cræsus.

"I am not," said he, "less in love with riches than other Princes; but a better manager of them. You see at how low a price I have acquired many friends, and an invaluable treasure. My money, at the same time, in the hands of these friends, is not less at my command than if it were in my treasury."

ACT

ACT OF BENEVOLENCE.

A VERY noble instance of attachment and benevolence took place some time ago on the Kingston road.

As Captain Willoughby, of the Expedition Cutter, was returning from town to Portsmouth, the carriage stopped on the way to replace a lost lynch-pin; he alighted from the carriage, at which time a sick and miserable looking sailor passed him, who appeared to wish for charity, but did not ask it. The Captain enquired where he was going, and whether he was sick? After answering these questions, he was asked what ship he had served in? when, among others, he mentioned one in which Captain Willoughby had been a Lieutenant, and with whom he had circumnavigated the globe.

On hearing this, the tears were ready to start from the eyes of the gallant tar, who immediately took his pencil from his pocket, and wrote as follows: "Dear Sir, the bearer of this is a broken-down fellow round about; therefore give him, on my account, a guinea a month, until he

he is well enough to go to sea again." The spirit of Jack would not suffer him to receive this bounty longer than until he could enter himself again ; and he is now serving in a merchant's ship in the plantation service.

ANECDOTE

OF A

G A S C O N.

A GASCON, who had been for some years in the service of Lewis XIV. obtained from the King a gratification of 1500 livres. He went immediately to be paid by M. Colbert ; who, just at his coming, had sat down to dinner. Notwithstanding, he passed boldly into the dining-room, and asked who was Colbert ? " I am the person (said M. Colbert), what would you be pleased to have ? " " A trifle scarce worth mentioning," said the other ; " a small order of the King, for letting me have 1500 livres."

M. Colbert, with great good-nature, and according to his usual good-humour, desired him to

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be

be seated at table, and partake of their fare, which the Gascon did without a second invitation. After dinner, he was directed by him to one of his clerks, who gave him 1000 livres. The Gascon said there were 500 more coming to him. "Very true (said the clerk), but so much of the payment has been stopped for your dinner." "Odds-fis! (said the Gascon,) 500 livres for a dinner! I give but twenty-sous at the eating-house." "Well, then, if it be so, (replied the Gascon,) here, take back all the money; what signifies my encumbering myself with a thousand livres? To-morrow I'll bring here a friend to dine, and all will be paid." Monsieur Colbert admired the gasconade, had the officer paid the whole of his bill, and afterwards rendered him several good offices.

ANECDOTE

OF

CLEOMENES.

CLEOMENES, King of Sparta, when labouring under misfortunes, was advised to kill himself by one of his attendants, who set off the proposal with that specious colouring, which the imbecility of an oppressed mind is apt to mistake for argument. "Thinkest thou, wicked man," replied Cleomenes, "to shew thy fortitude, by rushing upon death, a refuge always easily to be had, and which every man has open to himself?"

"Better men than we are, either by the fortune of arms, or overpowered by numbers, have left the field of battle to their enemies. But the man, who gives up the contest, in order to avoid pain and calamity; or, from a slavish regard to the praise or censures of men, is overcome by his own cowardice. If we are to seek for death, that death ought to be in action, not in the deserting of action. It argues *baseness* to live

or to die by ourselves. By adopting your expedient, all that we can gain is, to get rid of our present difficulties, without either glory to ourselves, or benefit to our country. In hopes then that we shall some time or other be of service to our country, both you and I are bound to preserve our lives."

GENUINE ANECDOTE

OF

DR. JOHNSON.

MR. Garrick was once present with Dr. Johnson at the table of a nobleman, where, amongst other guests, was one of whose near connections some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner.

Garrick, who sat next him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration, but all was in vain. The Doctor proceeded, and
when

when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever.—“Thrice (says he) Davy, have you trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now, if what I have related be a falshood, convict me before this company.”

Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards, that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met “his father’s ghost.”

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

CAN I, all gracious Providence!
Can I deserve thy care?

Ah! no: I’ve not the least pretence
To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still
From danger and from death:
Been safe preserv’d from ev’ry ill
E’er since thou gave me breath?

I live

I live once more, to see the day
That brought me first to light :
O! teach my willing heart the way
To take thy mercies right.

Tho' dazzling splendor, pomp and shew,
My fortune has deny'd ;
Yet more than grandeur can bestow
Content hath well supply'd.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace,
No mis'ries have I known ;
And, that I'm blest'd with health and ease,
With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's birth or fame,
Their titles, train, or dress ;
Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim
Beyond what I possess.

I ask and wish, not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay :
Lord, make me wiser ev'ry year,
And better ev'ry day.

(271)

AN
E P I T A P H

DESIGNED FOR THE
MONUMENT OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

MORE than his name were less—'twould seem
to fear

He who increas'd heav'n's fame, could want it
here.

Yet—when the sun he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds he found at first decay'd ;
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And Time and Newton's name together die !

ANECDOTE

OF

MR. LOCKE.

MR. LOCKE, having been introduced by
Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Bucking-
ham and Lord Halifax ; these three noblemen, in-
stead of conversing with the philosopher, as might
naturally

naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, in a very short time sat down to cards. Mr. Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company observing this, took the liberty of asking him what he was writing.

“ My Lord,” says Locke, “ I am endeavouring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation ; for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in company with the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your conversation ; and indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said for this hour or two.”

“ This well-timed ridicule had its desired effect ; and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, immediately quitted their play, and entered into a conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their characters.

ANECDOTE

OF

MR. S T E R N E.

MR. STERNE being in company with three or four clergymen, was relating a circumstance which happened to him at York.

After preaching at the cathedral, an old woman, whom he observed sitting on the pulpit stairs, stopt him as he came down, and begged to know where she should have the honour of hearing him preach the next Sunday. Mr. Sterne having mentioned the place where he was to exhibit, found her situated in the same manner on that day; when she put the same question to him as before.

The following Sunday he was to preach four miles out of York, which he told her; and to his great surprize, found her there too; and, that the same question was put to him as he descended from the pulpit. On which, adds he, I took for my text these words, expecting to find my old woman as before:—"I will grant the

N n

request

request of this poor widow ; left by her often coming, she weary me." One of the company immediately replied, " Why, Sterne, you omitted the most applicable part of the passage, which is, " Though I neither fear God nor regard man." This unexpected retort silenced the wit for the whole evening.

THE INFLUENCE OF CUSTOM.

SUPPOSE we have freed ourselves from the younger prejudices of our education, yet we are in danger of having our mind turned aside from truth by the influence of general custom. Our opinion of meats and drinks, of garments and forms of salutation, are influenced more by custom, than by the eye, the ear, or the taste. Custom prevails even over sense itself, and therefore, no wonder if it prevails over reason too. What is it but custom that renders many of the mixtures of food and sauces elegant in Britain, which would be awkward and nauseous to the inhabitants of China ; and indeed were nauseous to us when we first tasted them ?

What

What but custom could make those salutations polite in Muscovy, which are ridiculous in France and England? We call ourselves indeed the politer nations, but is it *we* who judge thus of ourselves; and that fancied politeness is oftentimes more owing to custom than reason. Why are the forms of our present garments counted beautiful, and those fashions of our ancestors the matter of scoff and contempt, which in their days were all decent and genteel? It is custom that forms our opinion of dress, and reconciles us by degrees to those habits which at first seemed very odd and monstrous. It must be granted, there are some garments and habits which have a natural congruity or incongruity, modesty or immodesty, gaudery or gravity; though for the most part there is but little reason in these affairs: but what little there is of reason, or natural decency, custom triumphs over it all. It is almost impossible to persuade a young lady that any thing can be decent which is out of fashion.

The methods of our education are governed by custom—It is custom, and not reason, that sends every boy to learn the Roman poets and begin a little acquaintance with Greek, before he is bound apprentice to a soap-boiler or a leather-seller. It is custom alone that teaches us Latin by the rules

of a Latin Grammar; a tedious and absurd method !

And what is it but custom that has for past centuries confined the brightest geniuses, even of the highest rank in the female world, to the business of the needle only, and secluded them most unmercifully from the pleasures of knowledge, and the divine improvements of reason.

But we begin to break all these chains, and reason begins to dictate the education of youth,

AN AMERICAN ANECDOTE.

SOME years ago, a commander of one of his Majesty's ships of war, being stationed at Boston, had orders to cruise from time to time, in order to protect our trade, and distress the enemy. It happened unluckily that he returned from one of his cruises on a Sunday; and, as he had left his lady at Boston, the moment she heard of the ship's arrival, she hastened down to the water-side, in order to receive him. The Captain,
on

on landing, embraced her with tenderness and affection. This, as there were several spectators by, gave great offence, and was considered as an act of indecency, and a flagrant profanation of the sabbath. The next day, therefore, he was summoned before the Magistrates, who, with many severe rebukes and pious exhortations, ordered him to be publicly whipped.

The Captain stifled his indignation and resentment as much as possible ; and as the punishment from the frequency of it, was not attended with any great degree of ignominy or disgrace, he mixed with the best company, was well received by them, and they were apparently good friends.

At length the time of the station expired, and he was recalled. He went, therefore, with seeming concern, to take leave of his worthy friends ; and that they might spend one more happy day together before their final separation, he invited the principal Magistrates and Select Men to dine with him on board his ship upon the day of his departure. They accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more joyous and convivial than the entertainment which he gave them.

At

At length the fatal moment arrived that was to separate them. The anchor was a-peak, the sails were unfurled, and nothing was wanting but the signal to get under way. The Captain, after taking an affectionate leave of his worthy friends, accompanied them upon deck, where the Boatswain and crew were ready to receive them. He there thanked them afresh for the civilities they had shewn him, of which, he said, he should retain an eternal remembrance; and to which he wished it had been in his power to have made a more adequate return. One point of civility only remained to be adjusted between them, which as it was in his power, so he meant most fully to recompence them. He then reminded them of what had passed, and ordered the crew to pinion them, had them brought, one by one, to the gangway, where the Boatswain stripped off their shirts, and with a cat of nine tails, laid on the back of each forty stripes, save one. They were then, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the crew, shoved into their boats; and the Captain, immediately getting under way, sailed for England.

THE

THE REAL DUTY OF A KING.

—'TIS true, I am a King:
Honour and glory too have been my
aim :

But tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet could I choose to fix my fame by peace,
By justice, and by mercy ; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind :
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honour.

HONOUR SUPERIOR TO JUSTICE.

HONOUR, my Lord, is much too proud to
catch

At ev'ry slender twig of nice distinctions.
These for the unfeeling vulgar may do well :
But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

DOCTOR HOWARD.

THE late Dr. Howard, of pleasant memory, collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George's Southwark, where he had been many years Rector, called among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account ; to prevent being first asked for a settlement, enquiring if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favour of the tradesman: the Doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea. Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprize, exclaimed, " Good God, Sir, you seem to have got a *stranger* there !"

" Indeed I have, Mr. Fig," replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, *and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*

AN

AN ANECDOTE.

POPE, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Button's Coffee-house, where he and a set of *literati* had got poring over a manuscript of the Greek comic poet Aristophanes, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer, who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage.—Oh, (says Pope sarcastically) *by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it*; upon which the officer took up the book, and considering a while, said, that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible, which was really the case. And, pray master, says Pope, (piqued perhaps at being out done by a red coat,) what is a note of interrogation?—A note of interrogation, replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, *is a little crooked thing that asks questions!* 'Tis said, however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

O o

PROSPERITY.

PROSPERITY.

A Single disappointment is sufficient to embitter all the pleasures of worldly prosperity. Though it might be expected that one in possession of high power and station should disregard slight injuries. But prosperity debilitates, instead of strengthening the mind.—Its common effect is, to create an extreme sensibility to the slightest wound. It fomented impatient desires, and raises expectations which no success can satisfy. It fosters a false delicacy, which sickens in the midst of indulgence; by repeated gratification, it blunts the feelings of man to what is pleasing, and leaves them unhappily acute to whatever is uneasy.

ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman falling to decay, shifted where he could; among the rest, he visited an old acquaintance, and stayed with him seven or eight days, in which time the man began to be weary of his guest, and to be rid of him feigned

a falling out with his wife, by which means their fare was very slender. The gentleman perceiving their drift, but not knowing whither to go to better himself, told them, he had been there seven days, and had not seen any falling out betwixt them before; *and that he was resolved to stay seven weeks longer, but he would see them friends again.*

ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLES I.

BERNINI, the famous Neapolitan statuarist, made a bust of the King, which his Majesty considered so exquisite a piece of workmanship, and so like him, that he was pleased to appoint a particular day for a select party of his friends to come and dine with him at Chelsea, where the Royal residence then was; and to enable his visitors the better to survey and examine the beauties of this chef d'œuvre of art, the King commanded it to be exhibited upon a table in the garden, which was accordingly done; and while the royal and noble company were in deep

contemplation and admiration of this excellent performance, an hawk flew directly over their heads, with his prey in his talons, which he had just wounded to death. Some of the blood fell on the neck of the royal statue. This unlucky circumstance very much disconcerted all present ; one of whom, in hopes that the King did not notice it, and that he should be able to wipe away this cause of universal consternation, unperceived by his Majesty, endeavoured so to do several times, by wetting his handkerchief ; but, alas ! every attempt was vain.

ODE TO EVENING.

HAIL, meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman
loves ;

As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund he whistles thro' the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk ;
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dew,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bow'rs and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton ev'ning dance ;
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clam'rous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene ;
And from the sheep-cote, and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep and length'ning shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm refreshing hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

Now ev'ry passion sleeps : desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride ;
And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest ev'ning ! oft let me appear
A wand'ring votary in thy pensive strain ;
Lift'ning to ev'ry wildly-warbling note
That fills with farewell sweet thy dark'ning plain.

BON

BON MOT OF ERASMUS.

ERASMUS, who was of a sickly constitution, and had therefore obtained a dispensation for eating of flesh in times of abstinence, being reproached by the Pope for not observing Lent,—“I assure your Holiness,” said he, “that my heart is a *Catholic* one; but I must confess I have a *Lutheran* stomach.”

A

 GERMAN ANECDOTE.

A PRINCE of Petingen in Germany, never required an oath from his ministry or counsellors; but, taking them up to a window in his palace, presented to their view a GALLOWs.—“Now, gentlemen (said the Prince) you have your choice; you may either, by your good actions, obtain my regard and protection, or, by your bad ones, have the honour of a SWING upon yonder tree.”

This Prince was remarkably well served by his Ministry.

DUTY

DUTY OF OLD AGE.

A MATERIAL part of the duty of the aged consists in studying to be useful to the race who succeeds them. Here opens to them an extensive field, in which they may so employ themselves as considerably to advance the happiness of mankind.

To them it belongs to impart to the young the fruit of their long experience ; to instruct them in the proper conduct, and to warn them of the various dangers of life ; by wise counsel to temper their precipitate ardour ; and both by precept and example to form them to piety and virtue. It never appears with greater dignity than when tempered with mildness, and enlivened with good humour ; it acts as a guide and a patron of youth.

Religion, displayed in such a character, strikes the beholders, as at once amiable and venerable. They revere its power, when they see it adding so much grace to the decays of nature, and shedding so pleasing a lustre over the evening of life.

The

The young wish to tread in the same steps, and to arrive at the close of their days with equal honour. They listen with attention to counsels which are mingled with tenderness, and rendered respectable by grey hairs. Aged wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most forward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.

FINIS.

30 JY 59